A NATION AT BAY

RUTH S. FARNAM

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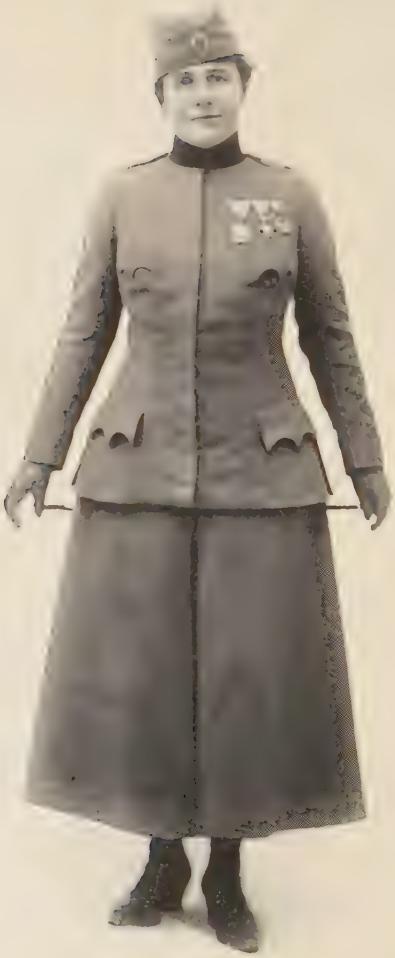

Ruth S. Farnam

A NATION AT BAY

What an American Woman Saw and Did in Suffering Serbia

BY

RUTH S. FARNAM

WITH THIRTY ILLUSTRATIONS
Many of them from Photographs
Taken by the Author

INDIANAPOLIS
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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PRESS OF
BRAUNWORTH & CO.
BOOK MANUFACTURERS
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

TO THE

DEVOTED WORKERS

WHO LIVED AND SUFFERED

AND DIED IN SERBIA

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PREFACE

My readers will see why I cannot send this little book forth without at least craving their indulgence. Since it is my first Book it will doubtless have many faults but in it I have tried to express the deep emotions, the admiration and the respect which the sight of Serbia's great courage has aroused in me; the experiences that I have had in that beautiful, suffering country and, above all, to pay tribute to the noble men and women of England, France and America who volunteered to work among those unhappy people. Men and women who served unfalteringly amidst the most deadly dangers and who, in many cases, laid down their lives while aiding those Serbian heroes who themselves counted life as naught when sacrificed

for flag and country. Because my whole heart is in this book I offer it to a generous Public with the hope that it may increase the awakening interest in our spendidly brave and devoted ally, Serbia.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I am indebted to the works of Voislav Savic, Chedomille Myatovitch and R. W. Seton Watson for historical data. I also wish to gratefully acknowledge the kindness of Richard Wainwright, Esq., in loaning me many of the photographs with which this volume is illustrated.

THE AUTHOR.

A NATION AT BAY

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CHAPTER I

A Backward Glance

We Americans as a nation have never exhibited a great deal of interest in European affairs. One might say that we were almost provincial in this regard, isolated, as we are, by the vast expanse of ocean. To many of us Europe has been regarded merely as a place to visit for pleasure or business.

Such places as Serbia and the other Balkan States were of no more interest to us than Siberia or Arabia. We heard of them seldom, except when they were at war. And the impression prevailed that these "half-civilized" countries spent most of their time fighting with one another.

We were so wrapped up in our own affairs that

we had no place in our thoughts for those distant lands. But we forgot that our horizon was rapidly enlarging. The fast ocean steamers, the cables, the expansion of our foreign trade—all these things were quickly bringing the far-off peoples closer to us. And the time came almost before we knew it when the internal affairs of almost every country in the world affected us in some vital way.

Yet even after the outbreak of the European War we still felt that we had no national interest in it—that we were not affected—that it was none of our affair. In fact it was only after repeated insults and actual acts of war committed against us that we reluctantly consented to enter the conflict. Perhaps the bungling German intrigue in Mexico and Japan did more toward awakening us to our peril than anything else.

When Austria declared war on Serbia on July 28, 1914, it was at Germany's bidding—and Germany reckoned on a great world conflagration as the outcome. She had played the game of political chess over and over again in secret, with Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria as the pawns, and she had

proved to her satisfaction that she could win the game when the time came to play it in public.

The United States was taken into consideration —just as surely as was France, Russia and England—before the ultimatum was delivered to Serbia. And yet we went about our affairs entirely unaware of any plan to include us in the great game of world domination. Who in America in July, 1914 could foresee that the result of the first shot fired on Serbia would be the sending of millions of our own boys to Europe—even to Serbia—to save civilization?

And now that we are in it to a successful conclusion, having joined hands with all the other countries fighting Germany and her accomplices, we are becoming intimately acquainted with all of our Allies. We are meeting even the less-known ones in their own homes, so to speak, and are beginning to feel that they are real human beings like ourselves, whose acquaintanceship we are sorry we had not cultivated long ago.

Serbia, who we may have at one time charged with starting the war, now appears to us in a dif-

ferent light altogether. By a backward glance at Serbia we may learn for ourselves a little about the peculiar sequence of events which culminated in this war—and get a few new glimpses of a history which has been to us hitherto either utterly unknown or merely a half-told tale.

Many years have elapsed since the Austro-Hungarian Government began to trade upon the innate loyalty of the Serb. When Turkey rolled her hordes over the famous Field of Kossovo in 1389, and overwhelmed the Serbian Armies, taking possession of the land and crushing Christianity under her iron rule, the Serbs looked to Austria as a nation of fellow-Christians for aid. This aid Austria pretended she would give while she was for centuries really fostering ill feeling between the Balkan Slavs and Russia, thinking thus to increase her own influence and bring under her Empire all of the Serbians, many of whom had already settled in Austria-Hungary.

Jealousy of Russia and greed of extended power were her motives for assuming a friendly mask toward the Serbs. But she did not hesitate

to cast this mask aside as soon as it suited her to do so. After many years of oppression of her own Slav subjects, she began an active policy of annexation and one after another Bosnia, Croatia, Herzegovina and Dalmatia were obliged to bow to her rule. Having a secret understanding with King Milan of Serbia, she plotted to destroy Russia's influence in the Balkans and soon succeeded in rousing Bulgaria to defy her great protector, Russia, whom the only half-educated Bulgarian politicians suspected of wishing to hold their country as a Province.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who had been placed on the throne of the new Kingdom of Bulgaria, began to plan for the union of divided Bulgaria, whereupon the Serbian King, Milan, immediately declared war upon him. Thus Austria's well laid plot had succeeded. She was able to play off one country against the other to her own advantage; her ambition being to gain more territory in the direction of Salonika, or even perhaps to possess that part of Macedonia in its entirety. As this war resulted disastrously for King

Milan, he appealed to Austria, who intervened and exacted a fearful price. This price was a secret allegiance whereby King Alexander, Milan's son and successor, became entirely a tool of Austria.

The Serbians now found their ancient Constitution set aside and Teutonic influence rampant in the land—for we must not forget that in recent years Prussia has always been behind the central European intrigues. The people murmured, and struggled to disengage themselves from the Octopus-like tentacles which were strangling them. Their effort at last culminated in the terrible tragedy at Belgrade in June, 1903, when the unhappy Alexander and his wife, Draga, met their doom at the hands of a few stern and uncompromising men, who had been driven to desperation by the sight of their country's impending ruin.

Under the rule of the new King, Peter Karageorgevitch, who was placed on the throne after the death of Alexander, Serbia began to recover herself, and her devoted people to know once more the advantages of liberty and the blessings of at

least some measure of peace. Schools began to spring up in the villages, and manufactures of many kinds flourished; but jealous Austria, malignant Turkey and treacherous Bulgaria lay ever in wait at her gates.

Then in 1912 came the war with Turkey. After this Austria prepared to attack Serbia, and only postponed doing so because of her inability to secure the consent and co-operation of Italy. But Bulgaria, thirsting for revenge because she had not received what she considered her share of the spoils in Macedonia and secretly abetted by Austria-Hungary, attacked the little nation and, it is needless to say, was well thrashed for her pains.

By this time Serbia was fully awake to her danger. She sharpened her sword, she filled her munition depots, collected stores and equipped her armies. She could see looming before her a great war, waged by the three countries which were bent on her extermination. Dauntless and ready, facing these enemies, many times her own size, brave Serbia stood—a Nation at Bay.

In July 1914 the expected attack came. How she fought in this war, which since then has embroiled practically the entire world; how she fought and won again, then for a time lay helpless under the lash of a pestilence, shunned in that dark hour by her enemies, then rose to her feet weak and tottering again gallantly to face the foe; how the traitor, Bulgaria, came slinking to share the spoils, and how devoted Serbia fought and strove, calling vainly for the western Allies to come to her aid; how at last these friends prevailed upon her army to evacuate the beloved country that it could no longer hold—to take refuge under the wings of these Allies until its awful wounds could be bound up and its starving soldiers fed, rearmed and reclothed that they might return by a new route and fight again for the freedom and honor of Serbia—this story of courage and sacrifice, of suffering and devotion, will fill many pages of history for future generations.

My own country is now at war with Germany and Austria and though I am a member of the

Royal Serbian Army I am also a true American. I know what our boys will have to face and I know, too, that they are as brave as any other soldiers of the Allied Nations—and now they have the opportunity to prove it. They will face a cruel, cunning, desperate foe—and they will conquer and drive him back—yes, back to Berlin. Worthy of our highest traditions will our Army prove itself. Worthy of that flag which we all love—the Flag on which the stripes represent our National Honor, which has never yet been stained. Those crimson bands which were dyed a deeper red by our fathers' blood on the battlefield: while that field of midnight blue—not so dark, alas! as the night of pain which now prevails in Europe—holds the shining stars of our National Ideals.

Today there can be no such word as "pacifist." We are at war. Men and women who live under the protection of the American Flag and claim the privileges of American citizenship can be only one of two things—Patriot or Traitor! That we should uphold our Government in its effort to

bring this war to a speedy and successful conclusion, that we should each one of us do our share cheerfully and gladly to that end: that we should avoid destructive criticism, placing ourselves at the disposal of our great Chief Executive as the indispensable cogs of the great machine of State—this is our clear and bounden duty.

If we Americans, each and all, do our duty soon it will be no longer heroic Serbia who is "The Nation at Bay" but "Germany at Bay!" May we so wage this, our war, as to prove by sword and Right that as our fathers fought for our freedom so shall we fight until the Blonde Beast Prussia is finally crushed and the World set free forever.

* * *

In this little book I have tried to tell something of the small part I played in this great fight; how I, a stranger, knowing little of the country and less of its people, was impressed by its heroism and devotion and was finally caught up in the whirl of its magnificent struggle against the evils which my own country now is prepared to attack.

CHAPTER II

My First Introduction to War in Serbia

"It reminds me," I said, "a little of Naples with the beggars lying about in the sunshine."

"There are no beggars here," replied Madame Grouitch. "These are sick soldiers, just back from the war, and there is no place in the city where they can be taken in."

On leaving the station in Belgrade, I saw numbers of men in their dust-colored rags, sitting on the steps or lying on the ground under the trees. In my ignorance I had mistaken them for beggars. A broiling sun poured its rays down on them, and sometimes a man would moan and feebly roll over to gain the welcome shade of a stunted tree. I was told that at night the carts would go around and gather up the dead. Every hospital was full to overflowing and nearly every house had as its honored guests, sick and wounded soldiers.

This was in August, 1913. I had been in Serbia before, during the Turkish war, and when I received an invitation at this time to come to Belgrade to see the return of the victorious Serbian Army after defeating Bulgaria in the Second Balkan War, I went gladly.

Madame Grouitch, who is a charming American woman from Virginia and the wife of a Serbian diplomat, was doing marvelous work for her adopted country. Unable to bear the thought of these heroic men exposed to such suffering, after their splendid campaign, she went to the Government and demanded that one of the school buildings be turned over to her during the vacation. In this large school she founded an auxiliary hospital, which was called "The 22d Reserve Hospital." She went to the merchants and townspeople and asked for beds and other furnishings. Then she had the sick and dying men gathered up and laid on these beds, under a roof for the first time in many months.

Because the people of Belgrade had previously given nearly all they had, the fitting out of this

Photograph used by the author on passports

The Author *Madame Grouitch*

Convalescents at Madame Grouitch's Hospital in Belgrade, 1913

hospital was of the crudest description. The beds on which the fevered soldiers lay were simply the iron frames with three pieces of board laid across. On this comfortless foundation were placed large sacks filled with straw. Smaller sacks formed the hard pillows.

There was no bed linen and no clean clothing. In the city there was a college, in which young orphan girls from every part of Serbia were being trained as teachers. So we sent up there and to the extent of our funds, we got sheets and pillow cases, of coarse cotton, and shirts and drawers for the men.

These garments served a double purpose since they could be used first as hospital clothing and later when a man left the hospital he had only to add the heavy socks and untanned leather sandals, a home-spun waistcoat and wide girdle to be completely clad in the peasant manner.

One day a large bag was brought into the "Gymnasium," one of the wards, and its contents dumped on the floor. There were about a dozen garments in the heap and it was hard to tell which

were coats and which trousers, they were so ragged and worn. All were stiff with dirt and great blackish stains of blood. Clean-edged cuts of bayonet thrusts were there and jagged holes told of more terrible wounds. Not a garment was fit for use.

One boy of twenty looked at a particularly shapeless rag and said cheerfully, "Yes, that was my coat. Luckily I will only need two-thirds of it anyway, now." His right arm was gone!

It was very hot and there was a glare of light from the high uncurtained windows and the flies were so awful that the men could only sleep by burying their faces in the hard, hot pillows. Most of the younger men, however, were apparently as cheerful as if they had no care in the world; but some of the older ones lay patiently, day after day, looking at us with great hopeless eyes that pierced our hearts. Many had lost an arm or a leg and their minds could only ponder on how their wives and families were to live and bear this extra burden. Serbian families are as a rule very large and the people are very poor,

and all must work hard, so a maimed man knows himself to be a sad drag.

But no man uttered one word of complaint and none regretted his sacrifice for Mother Serbia. Their gratitude for anything we could do for them was touching, though they were absolutely frank in their comments.

One day, under the tuition of a young Serbian orderly, I made Turkish coffee for the men. They are very fond of it and will drink large quantities of the syrupy stuff. When the little cups had been drained, I proudly asked, "Was it good?"—thinking to be commended.

"Not very," came the reply. It was several days before a chorus of "Dobro," (Good) rewarded my efforts and they seemed really pleased for my sake that they could at last approve.

We had only the coarsest food, in most cases only rather dry bread, and occasionally a vegetable stew, but as long as we could supply them with cigarettes, almost the breath of life to the Serbian soldier, they were contented.

When I had been in Belgrade two days, the Red

Cross unit which had been serving in the hospital, was withdrawn and shortly after sailed for England. This left Madame Grouitch with two trained nurses, Dr. Shuler, a young English surgeon who had gone to the Balkans to gain experience before settling down to practice, two Serbian medical students, and a number of ladies and young girls, belonging to Belgrade society, but with little training (as we understand it), to care for one hundred and sixty-eight men, most of them suffering from neglected and gangrenous wounds. Madame Grouitch was herself so worn out with her unremitting efforts in the hospital that she nearly broke down.

However, she was not the kind to give in, so in a little while she began to arrange the duties among her small group of workers. But try as she would, her insufficient but willing staff could not quite cover even the absolutely necessary work.

I listened and wanted to help, but as I had no training at all, had never even been with sick people and had practically never seen blood, I did

not feel very competent. Still, I was only too willing to do what I could, and offered to run errands, or "hand things," or obey any orders from any one. Madame Grouitch looked at me critically.

"Where we really must have help is in the operating room," was her tentative suggestion. "Some one must be there to wait on the surgeon."

The thought made me feel rather queer, but I said, "Let me try." She did.

The first case was a pretty bad one, but I made up my mind to do the best I could, and I got through without much trouble.

But the next case proved too much for me. We had a man whose head had been broken by a piece of shell and he was, in consequence, completely paralyzed. There was some growth on his back, just by the shoulder, which had to be removed and I had to hold him in my arms to keep him in the proper position during the operation.

We had no anæsthetics. There was no money with which to buy them. The poor fellow was

in a fearful state of nerves as he lay in my arms, screaming, but unable to move a muscle.

The feeling of his bare body on my bare arms, his screams, his breath, the odor of blood and the sound of the knife softly passing through the flesh were at last too much for me. I managed to stand it until the operation was over and then I went into the open air and was deathly sick. Five minutes later I apologized to Dr. Shuler and said I would be braver next time; and though it was a struggle sometimes, I was able to go on from that time without further mishap.

At the end of two days I was allowed to dress amputations. I would take off the dressings. Dr. Shuler would look over from his patient on the table and say, "Swab that with number two." I'd do it. Then I would rebandage the stump. The soldier would murmur, "Fala, sestro," (thanks, sister) and hobble off on his crude crutches. Sometimes the tortured nerves of the patient would be too much for him, and he would lay his poor head on my arm and plead, "Polako, sestro," (gently, sister) while great beads of

sweat would stand out on his forehead. But usually they were so brave that it makes me proud to think that I was allowed to do what I could to help them. No one who has worked with the Serbian soldiers has anything but the warmest praise for them. They are patient, gentle, proud and brave.

There was in that hospital many a boy of twenty with a gangrened wound for each year of his life. They would lie on their stretchers outside the door of the operating room, awaiting their turn, with their great eyes clouded with pain and misery. They would go upon that rude plank operating table with their thin hands clenched to help them bear the ordeal. We would put a lighted cigarette into their mouths and they would undergo the awful probing and draining of their sickening wounds without one murmur or moan—though I sometimes would put my hand over their eyes because I could not bear the look of agony in them.

The courage and marvelous endurance of the Serbian soldier is a memory that will often, I be-

lieve, uphold me and many, many others who have worked among them, when things seem too hard to bear.

Madame Grouitch was wonderful during these days. Not over strong herself, she was never too tired to soothe and comfort a feverish or suffering man. One day, just as she had declared she could not hold up her head another minute, some one came in from the street and asked if she could manage to give a very sick man a bed in which to die. He was brought in—a piteous sight, ragged, filthy, his beard and mustache matted together over his mouth and his dark skin gray with a deathly pallor.

"Then there is no hope for him?" asked Madame Grouitch.

"He cannot have eaten or drunk for days and there is not one chance in a hundred," was the reply.

"We shall see," she said, and took scissors and ripped away the ragged garments, the matted hair was cut from his face and with warm water she bathed the wasted body, then sat down beside

him to fight with death. From time to time she forced drops of beef tea or brandy through the blue lips and hour after hour she sat waving a fan over his face to stir the sultry air and drive away the swarming flies. Her own fatigue forgotten, she waited, and many hours later had the joy of knowing that the man would live.

On returning to my hotel one day, after finishing my duties at the hospital, I noticed a small group of people standing about a shop window. I stopped to see what was exhibited, and found that it was not the window that was attracting attention but a broad shouldered young man who stood before it.

He was obviously a soldier. But when I got a full view of him I realized afresh that war, indeed, is hell. He had been captured by the Bulgarians during a fight on the Eastern front and afterward had been liberated and sent back to his regiment with hands bound. His ears, nose, lips and eyelids had been cut off. He had been scalped in such a manner that only a strip of hair, running

from the middle of his head to the nape of his neck, in parody of a parting, remained.

Sick and trembling, I turned into the door of the hotel and the impression I had received made it impossible for me to sleep with any degree of comfort for many nights to come.

In talking with a Serbian officer some days later I happened to speak of this case and found that he was thoroughly familiar with it. Indeed he showed me a photograph of the young man, a handsome fellow, taken for his sweetheart before he left for the front.

It is not my intention to fill these pages with such horrible stories, but there were dozens and dozens of such cases as those described that came under my personal observation during my work in the hospital. Bulgaria was certainly a fitting Ally for the Hun to select in this World's War.

You must remember that up to this time I had lived a calm and peaceful life, such as most American women live. Horrors, bloodshed, atrocities had never before entered my life or my mind. I question whether I could even have read of them

in the papers, and, if I had done so, I should have hesitated to believe that such things were possible.

But here, in war torn Serbia, my education in the grimness of war began.

On my return to England, where I was then living, after my work in Belgrade was completed, I felt that I was a different woman. Above all, there had come over me a feeling of the highest regard for that brave little nation, Serbia, and its gallant and heroic people.

CHAPTER III

A Glance at the Country of our Game Little Ally

Belgrade, the capital, before the war was full of curious contrasts: handsome, modern buildings and the rudely cobbled streets; peasants in gayly embroidered clothing and ladies in Parisian frocks; smart officers on beautiful horses and farm cart drawn by great creamy oxen.

The town stands high above the junction of the Danube and Save Rivers, and from Semlin, the Austrian frontier town, it looks like a hanging garden. After the flat plains of the approach to Hungary, the thick trees crowning the old fortifications are most grateful to the eye, and the gray walls of the prison-like fortress, with the white towers of the city, make an unforgettable picture.

On the principal streets are many fine shops,

banks and business houses. The Konak or Royal Palace is a beautiful cream-colored building, set among trees and grassy terraces, while in the side streets are handsome residences, side by side with white cottage-like buildings, rather dark and ill-ventilated, in which the large families of the less progressive people live.

The sons and daughters of the well-to-do Serbs are usually given the advantage of a year or two of study in Vienna or Paris, and are particularly adept in learning foreign languages. The well educated Serb speaks German, of course, since the country adjoins Austria, and generally Russian, which the Serbian tongue strongly resembles. To these he adds French, and often English. Even the peasant, given the opportunity to educate himself, will frequently become a lawyer. doctor, scientist or writer, and it is little exaggeration to say that all Serbs are poets.

They are very proud and independent, and in spite of the fact that they live under a monarchy, they are the most democratic people I know. The Constitution of Serbia proclaims that "the

King is to reign by the will of the people." In other words, if he displeases the people they may choose another in his stead. His eldest son does not of necessity reign after him.

By the Constitution of Serbia every man was entitled to five acres of land, two draught oxen, a certain number of pigs, fowls and some household furnishings, and these are his by inalienable right and cannot be taken from him even for debt. On this land and with these goods he must raise everything that he and his family eat, drink, use or wear.

There is very little money in circulation in the country districts, and when the family needs a cooking pot or other utensil it is acquired at the weekly market in the town by the barter of a fowl, some eggs, or a flitch of home-cured bacon. The women spin and weave the flax and wool, and make the beautiful, simple clothing worn by the family. They embroider these garments with silk and worsted, and many of them are real works of art and are handed down from one generation to another.

Serbia is now entirely an agricultural country, eighty per cent of the population living on and by their farms. Prizes are given to the farmers by a well organized agricultural society and the payment of taxes is usually made in produce. Every farmer gives annually a few days' labor to the State.

The farmers have all the sturdy qualities and virtues which come from close contact with Mother Earth. They are frugal, intelligent and industrious; all have poetry in their very souls. They are a peaceable, domestic people, devoted to their children and their homes, but they do not hesitate a moment to fight when those homes are threatened.

An odd custom has survived from the long Turkish occupation. When a peasant is obliged to introduce his wife to a foreigner he does it after this fashion: "This, may your honor forgive me, is my wife." But this attitude toward her is only for the outside world, for their family life is full of affection.

The peasant house is a low, white-walled, red-

tiled structure with its windows and doors on one side. These being the only inlets for light and air, the houses are usually dark and stuffy, but each house is whitewashed inside and out frequently.

The Serbian family often pools its resources and forms a sort of community dwelling, called a "Zadruga." This consists of a large central house in which the heads of the family and the unmarried members live. Surrounding this are smaller cottages, called "Vayat," in which the married sons and their families live. The ruling member, or "Stareshina," of the house apportions the work each day and settles all disputes. Thus, if there were few very wealthy families in Serbia, before the invasion, there was no utter want and *no* beggars.

The country is very beautiful, with rolling hills and fertile valleys, and in no place in the world have I seen such a profusion of wild flowers; while the cloud-flecked sky which is characteristic of Serbia, the fleeting shadows over the glowing meadows, the broad plains with their golden crops

and the myriads of bending fruit trees, make up a picture that can never be forgotten.

The climate resembles that of New England, even to the "Indian Summer," with its bright warm days and keen nipping nights. There are frequent heavy rains and thunder-storms during the summer months. The rough Serbian roads are full of deep holes into which, as almost the only attempt at repair, large boulders are thrown with touching confidence that the next storm will settle them into place.

All the hauling is done by big oxen, or by uncouth-looking water buffalo, who draw the crude carts at the rate of about a mile an hour. While it is a pretty sight to see these oxen decked with wild flowers by their peasant owners, yet it isn't so pleasant to find them lying by the road-side suffering from sunstroke, to which they are curiously liable.

Of late years the principal industries have been the canning of vegetables, the raising of pork, and the drying of prunes, of which Serbia has put forth a great proportion of the world's supply.

Austria, desiring to swell her own commerce by the control of the Serbian market, has been able to deny this country an outlet to the sea. This has naturally hampered the progress of industries and Serbia has, therefore, remained poor—but not humble.

I have seen much of misery and want in that sad country during these last two years, but never have I heard a Serb, man, woman or child, beg. They have always worked hard and lived poorly, but they were utterly content, since what they had was their own and their feeling of proud independence outweighed hunger and cold and even death itself. The peasant will bow before you and perhaps even kiss your hand, but then he will stand upright and talk as easily and freely as if to his own brother.

The hills of Serbia are full of iron, silver, gold and copper. In fact, in old Roman times the world's greatest supply of silver came from Serbia, and her copper mines are perhaps the richest in the world. But jealous neighbors and lack of

seaports have kept her from developing these rich resources.

Today Serbia is absolutely devastated, as the Germans and Austrians cut down every fruit tree when they entered the country. It will take years and years of unremitting toil to give back to the world the supply of those delicious fruits and vegetables which the Serbian people formerly raised. This war will not be over when peace is declared. Years of reconstruction, of planting and patient upbuilding of ruined farms must intervene before Serbia is restored.

The Serb prides himself on his simple origin. King Peter says he is "of the people," and by his nobility during these years of woe and suffering he has proved himself a brother indeed.

The people were once light-hearted and merry, loving to sing and dance after the day's work was done, and, though for five hundred years the country lay under the heel of the Turk and the people were denied education, the splendid spirit of patriotism has been kept alive by song and story. Dearer than wife or mother is Serbia to the Serb,

though he is a good husband and a tender son. To him his beloved country comes first.

The religion of Serbia is that form known as Greek Orthodox, but the peasant is naive in his belief that "God helps those who help themselves." He is fond of telling the story of the man who fell into the river and called upon God to save him. So the Creator looked from Heaven and said, "Yes, of course, I will save you, but do move your arms and legs a little and try to swim out."

The men are splendid, handsome fellows, and even among the old men of eighty and ninety are some of the finest specimens I ever have seen. The women, owing no doubt to the lack of light and ventilation in their houses, are rather sallow.

The typical Serbian has dark hair and gray eyes, rather high cheekbones and strongly marked features; he has a tall and wiry body and is capable of withstanding extraordinary hardships. Always the battlefield of Europe, always holding the gate between East and West, and always loyal to her ideals, not even the Turk in his five hundred

years of oppression could crush the religion or taint the blood of Serbia.

Serbia, like Switzerland, is entirely cut off from the sea, bounded as it is on the north by Austria, on the east by Bulgaria, on the south by Greece, and on the west by Albania. It was settled in the seventh century by wandering shepherd tribes of Serbs and Croats, who entered the western half of the Balkan Peninsula and there made their home. At the end of the eleventh century they had already formed a powerful State and were engaged in acquiring the culture of Byzantium and Rome.

Their greatest king, Stephen Dushan, was soldier, law-giver, builder of churches and patron of art and literature. In 1354, Dushan gave to the people the Zakonik, or Code of Law, which ranks high among medieval codes. Jugo-Slav literature, rich and glowing with tales of heroism, was born toward the end of the ninth century, and the earliest fragments preserved date from the tenth century.

The first Serbian novel, "Vladimir and Kos-

sara," was published in the thirteenth century. Among the first poetic writers were Marko, Maroulitch and Hannibal Luchitch (fourteenth and fifteenth centuries).

Serbia has always had the gift of song and sometimes her ballads are sung to the accompaniment of the gusle, an instrument shaped somewhat like a guitar but having only one string. It is rested on the knee and played with a high arched bow, and it is surprising what wailing, minor melodies can be drawn from it.

The Serbian language is very beautiful and lends itself admirably to splendid songs of valor, glory and hope. There is no part-singing, but all sing in unison. Sometimes two will start a song story in duet and when they cease two more will take up the theme and go on from that point, and so on until the story is done.

Owing to the depression caused by the continual wars for several years I had not heard the Serbians sing until in the autumn of 1916 before the recapture of Monastir by Allied armies—I found myself in a camp just behind the Serbian

lines. It was a glorious moonlight night and the soldiers were filled with joy that they were again in their beloved land, so, after the frugal supper, a group of young men began to sing the songs of their country. The guns were booming near at hand and we could hear the rattling crackle of the machine guns, but through it all came the triumphant refrain of "Givela Serbia."

In earlier days, when, for Serbians, education was difficult and culture rare, we find the burning names of Czar Lazar and his Empress, Militza, educators and protectors of their people; Stephen Dushan, patriot and law-giver; Marko Kralyvitch, soldier and champion of the weak and lowly. Then after a long, dark time, during which the people were so oppressed that few names emerge from the murk, we see the Serbian brilliancy still undimmed, shining forth in the name of Vuk Stephanovitch Karagich.

Still nearer our time the names best known to us here in America are those of Father Nicholas Velimirovitch, the monk; the great portrait painter, Paul Yovanovitch; sculptor of historic

figures, George Yovanovitch, and most marvelous sculptor, second to none in his genius, Mestrovitch. Also there are Rista Voucanovitch, native of Hertzegovina, and Murat from Dalmatia, but both Serbs and, before the present war, exhibitors in Belgrade.

We must not forget Stoyan Novacovitch, who was leader of the Conservative party, Prime Minister and Diplomat, nor Dr. Voya Velikovitch, prominent in the Liberal party and a well-known member of Parliament. In medicine there are Subotich, Wutschetitch, Roman Sondermayer. Among the later poets the names of Rakitch, the writer of epic verse, and Jean Douchitch, called the "Byron of Serbia," stand forth conspicuously.

America owes a debt to Serbia for the genius of that famous scientist, Michael Idvorski Pupin, American citizen but of Serbian blood and devoted Serbophil, who holds a chair in Columbia University and through whose efforts many influential Americans have been aroused to a warm interest in Serbia.

Less well-known in this country, perhaps,

are the names of Prime Minister Pashitch, the splendid statesman; George Simitch, for many years a leading diplomat; Chedomille Myatovitch and Dr. Vladan Georgevitch, statesmen and writers; as well as Milenko Vesnitch, who was the head of the Serbian War Mission that visited this country a short time ago, and Professor Sima Losanitch, who accompanied him, together with General Rashitch, all men who shed honor on the name of their country. Kornel Stankovitch, musician, and Marianovitch an author, famous at least in his native land, and Illarion Ruvarats, the historian. All of these later men of genius look back to their forerunner, St. Sava, who in the fourteenth century devoted his life to spreading education and a love of art among his countrymen.

The greatest hero in Serbian history, Marko Kralyvitch, called "Marko, the King's Son," was said to be the offspring of a "Dragon" and a Vila, or mountain fairy. "Dragon" in Serbian poetry is used to designate a fearless soldier and constantly recurs in tales of warriors and great men.

There have been many legends written of Marko, who is popularly supposed never to have died but to sleep in a cave near the Castle of Prilip. He is said to awaken at intervals and come forth to see if his sword, which he had thrust to its hilt in the rock, has fallen out. When this shall occur he will return to restore the empire which was destroyed at Kossovo in 1389.

The Serbian ideals are high and spiritual. For example, when there was a dispute between Marko's father and his uncle and "Probatim," (adopted brother) as to which should inherit the throne and Marko was called upon to decide the question, Jevrossima, his mother, counseled him. The mother's wisdom has been preserved in a national folk poem:

"Greatly as Marko himself loved justice
Greatly his mother thereto advise him;
'Marko, thou only son of thy mother
Let not my milk in thee be accursed,
Do not utter an unjust judgment,
Speak not in favor of father of kinsman
But speak for the justice of the God of Truth,
It were better to lose thy life
Than to lose thy soul by sinning.'"

The world heard an echo of these words three years ago when, in reply to the proposals of Austria that Serbia should make a separate peace, deserting her allies, and so to save her population from terrible suffering, Mr. Pashitch, the great Serbian Prime Minister, said: "It is better to die in beauty than to live in shame."

Many of the Serbian proverbs are closely akin to our own and all show a deep appreciation of honesty and often a keen sense of humor. A few of the best known are as follows:

It is better to know how to behave than to have gold.
Woe to the legs under a foolish head.
Keep white money for black days.
It is easier to earn than to keep.
Without health is no wealth.
A cheerful heart spins the flax.
A kind word opens the iron door.
An earnest work is never lost.
Who does good will receive better.
Debt is a bad companion.
What is taken unjustly or by force is accursed.
As the master is so are the servants.
Mend the hole while it is small.
Who judges hastily will repent quickly.

He who works has much; he who saves has more.

If you would know a man place him in authority.

It is better to suffer injustice than to commit it.

Boast to a stranger; complain only to a friend.

The lie has short legs.

He who mixes with refuse will be devoured by swine.

God sometimes shuts one door to open a hundred others.

God does not settle his accounts with men every Saturday but in his own good time.

The devil never sleeps.

More men die of eating and drinking than of hunger and thirst.

The Home does not stand upon the soil but on the wife.

Better a body in rags and a soul in silk than a soul in rags and a body in silk.

Do not ask how a man crosses himself but whose the blood that warms his heart and whose the milk that nourished him.

Victory is not won by shining arms but by brave hearts.

The heroic sentiments of men and women alike inflame the imagination and give an insight into the character of the people as nothing else can do. General Stephanovitch said to his soldiers when, on an occasion, they were depressed and

seemed spiritless, "Brothers, it is to your valor and achievements that I owe my honors. Unless you are again worthy of your past, I will tear these epaulettes from my shoulders and fling them at your feet."

A Dalmatian Slav said to R. W. Seton Watson, "We have regained our belief in the future of our race."

A foreign doctor told him, in one of the hospitals, "If you hear a man complaining be certain that man is not a Serb."

A Serbian lady said to one who would condole with her, "I gave my son to Serbia and now my prayers dwell with me in his stead."

When Serbian soldiers were commended on some splendid feat in this war, they remarked simply, "With Marko Kralyvitch to help us it was easy enough." They believed that they had seen that hero of old days riding on his gray charger before them.

The Maiden of Kossovo weeping over her dead on the fatal Field of Blackbirds cried, "Ah me! I that am so wretched that were I to touch the

green oak tree my grief would straightway wither all its freshness."

Said the victims of a former invasion, "Grass never grows where the hoofs of Turkish horses pass."

Volko the Outlaw was a true Socialist when he declared, "If I possess anything any man may share it with me; but if I have nothing then woe to the man who will not share with me what he has."

When the Austrian Landsturm, elderly men, were called to the colors, some waggish Slav hung this notice on a tomb in the cemetery at Spalato. "Arise ye dead, ye, too, must fight for Francis Joseph."

A Serbian divine, preaching in Serbia's darkest hour, uttered these solemn words, "The land of Serbia is an altar and your brother's blood is the sacrifice." And of the Serbs who had fallen in the defense of their country a native poet wrote:

"From their blood shall flowers spring
For some far off generation."

The spirit of the people is shown by the stories

General Michael Rashitch, Leader of Serbian Army in Retreat over Albanian Mountains

Refugees at Iben

of how the old parents advised their children. A mother to whom an only son had returned asked him why he was there. "Why, I am on leave," replied the young man.

"But suppose there should be fighting while you are away," said the mother. "You must go back at once to your regiment where your duty lies."

A Serbian regiment holding a position sent several times to ask for reinforcements but none came and the regiment lost heavily. Finally a corporal was sent back to headquarters and his message ran, "There are seven of us left, sir. Shall we go on holding the position?"

An old man found in an attitude of utter despair was asked his trouble. "You would not understand," he said. "But I had three sons. One was killed in the Turkish war; one I lost in the Balkan war and my last son I buried today."

"But they fell upon the field of honor which should be a consolation to you," was the answer.

"I knew you would not understand," growled the old man. "That is not what troubles me: but

they have left five little boys behind and it will be so long before they are old enough to fight for Serbia!"

There are endless stories showing the devotion of the people and many pathetic ones showing how even the women resign themselves to all loss if it is for their country's sake. In Macedonia I saw a woman, accompanied by two little children, who I had seen, surrounded by her large family, gathering the crops in the fields near Vrgntze. In a moment of forgetfulness, I asked, "Where are the others?" Inclining her head toward the Albanian mountains, she said:

"They are over there—with God."

"*Serbia still lives in the hearts of her people.*"

CHAPTER IV

The Plot

Austria's attack upon Serbia in 1914 was most cleverly engineered, since the excuse was the murder of the Austrian Crown Prince Ferdinand by a Serb. But behind this we see the hand of Germany, who was plotting to gain control of the route to Egypt and India. Her idea of world domination began with the hoped-for Berlin-to-Bagdad Railway, and she went about entangling the other Central European Powers that they might work for her ends and pull her chestnuts out of the fire.

Austria wished only to bully little Serbia and did not desire to enter upon a World War, in which she might have clearly seen that Germany would take everything worth having. She wanted to continue her policy of repression and extortion against the Slavs and to succeed perhaps in annex-

ing more Serbian provinces, as during the years since Serbia had thrown off the Turkish yoke, she had already taken the richest of Serbia's northern territory by force and by crafty statesmanship. Her bitterness against Serbia perhaps was augmented by a realization of her own injustice and by the proud courage and resistance of the Serbian people.

Austria knew that Serbia would never yield to her dominance, so she plotted even in the blood of her own Royal House. The youth who murdered the Archduke Ferdinand *was* a Serb, but he was a Serb of Austria—one of those unhappy expatriates who had been brought up to hold allegiance to the enemy of his own country and in whose brain whirled confused and perverted ideals of loyalty and honor.

So by way of making all the world see that she was not to be trifled with and hoping that the world would believe that she was injured and justified, Austria prepared to invade Serbia. When she was thrown out of the country the first time her surprise was great. When a second time she

found that the small but gallant nation, which she had expected to find an easy victim, was again too much for her, her fury knew no bounds. The spectacle of her army fleeing before a foe much less than half its size—fleeing in panic, throwing its equipment away and screaming for mercy when overtaken, was not an edifying sight.

But Austria tried hard to "save her face" and again deceive a world which was now beginning to understand her game. Drawing her mantle of dignity about her as best she might, she announced that "our punitive expedition against Serbia is now concluded," and a derisive world rocked with laughter.

It was Germany who, acting behind the scenes in 1914, pushed Austria again and again into the fray, and who, in 1915, when Serbia was nearly exhausted, egged on treacherous Bulgaria to strike for revenge against Serbia and to defy her parent Russia. It was Germany who bribed and coerced Turkey into joining the attack and it is German guile that has Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey fighting for their very lives today.

Germany's dream is to rule the world, and these dishonored accomplices may be very sure she does not intend that they should share her throne. They are to fight for her, smooth her way and be her humble vassals;—her slave-drivers, but not the Princes of her House. A poor reward for treachery, outrage, child-murder, and all the horrors of blood and infamy in which these deluded countries have sunk themselves! A mean wage this, for which they have bartered their national souls!

What Germany has done on the west to Belgium —the infamy of her invasion, the stealing of maidenhood for shameful purposes of alien maternity, the looting, burning and enslaving—her partners have done in little Serbia on the East. And even more, for Germany has committed her crimes coldly and under the cloak of "military necessity," while Austria and Bulgaria, filled with hatred of the people whom the one had robbed and the other betrayed,—these two, I say, have run like ravening wolves through the fertile valleys

and over the blue hills of heroic Serbia, and in their wake lies utter desolation.

When the accounting comes of murdered babes, outraged and mutilated women, young girls sold into shame in Turkish cities, massacred old men and crucified children, cities razed and riches stolen, orchards destroyed and fair lands devastated—when this accounting comes, God in His Heaven shall judge these criminals and His thunder-tones shall pronounce their doom.

CHAPTER V

The Debacle

When Austria decided, late in 1915, that the time was ripe for her final attempt to crush Serbia, she massed her troops along the Danube and the Save Rivers, bringing up her heavy artillery and providing for the attack enormous stores of shells and munitions. Knowing how gallant and determined was their opponent, they made sure of having sufficient force with which finally to overwhelm her.

But they had no easy task. All the world now knows how Serbia met this attack, how bitterly she contested every rod of ground and how only by the terrific out-numbering of her devoted men and the immensely superior strength of her enemy's ordnance was she at last subdued—not conquered, for Serbia's Army still is fighting.

In October, Austria had prepared to cross the river at Belgrade by an irresistibly heavy bombardment, during which they fired fifty thousand shells into the town, their avowed object being to kill as many people as possible and thus create a reign of terror.

They also had laid a curtain of shell-fire on the roads leading from the town, and hundreds of poor fugitives were killed. Men and women, little children, wounded soldiers who were taken from hospital beds; the gently-nurtured wives and daughters of diplomats, bankers and college professors; shopkeepers, Austrian prisoners, servants and all the varied population of a great city fell victims to this merciless fire and lay in heaps upon that Road of Death.

The Serbian troops had not replied to this fire, hoping that by refraining the civil population might be spared, and later on, after most strenuously resisting the enemy's advance, had withdrawn from the town. But nothing availed to restrain the implacable enemy, and so he looted, burned and killed as his nature prompted him.

Gallows were set up in the public places upon his entrance into the town and wholesale executions followed.

By the intervention of Americans, who had been doing hospital work in the city, these gallows were later removed to less conspicuous spots. The Americans protested to the Austrian military authorities and were able for a time to relieve the appalled and suffering people from the awful sight of their nearest and dearest hanging shamefully before their very windows.

In the attack at the frontier and on the town poison gas was used. And this new and diabolical weapon—new at least to the Serbians—was more fatal than all the other methods of warfare combined.

The open avowals of Austria, Germany and Bulgaria that they intend to exterminate the natives is one of the tragic phases of the situation in the Balkans. The wholesale hanging of prominent citizens, the turning of machine guns on innocent inhabitants, the exportation of thousands of young girls to Turkey, where they are

sold into the harems, the young boys taken into enemy countries to be brought up in military schools, the removal of the scanty crops and the awful treatment of Serbian prisoners, are some of the terrible methods by which this extermination is being accomplished.

Yet a great shriek had gone up in Austria during the previous evacuation of Serbia by the Serbian army over the rumor that the Austrian prisoners were dying in thousands as they were driven through the mountains by the Serbian troops. Undoubtedly many did die, as did also thousands of Serbian soldiers; but so many, many thousands were freed afterwards, or interned in Italy, that it is probable the mortality was far less than might seem likely in the circumstances.

Also, and this is admitted by both Berlin and Vienna, after the typhus epidemic the Serbs offered to exchange all their prisoners but received no reply to their message. Therefore, the Austrians have no cause for complaint, nor can we believe that their protests were seriously made, as a very large proportion of these men were their

own *Slav* subjects whom they themselves sacrificed, on occasion, lightly and remorselessly.

In the final successful invasion the Austrian troops were in every way inferior to the Germans who stiffened Austrian ranks, but the Serbs were outnumbered at least four to one, while each enemy division had double the number of guns that the Serbs possessed. The asphyxiating gases used by the enemy were of great advantage, but in spite of all this he had to fight for every foot of ground.

Even the Austrian and German newspapers paid tribute to the desperate courage of the Serbian troops. The loss of Serbian officers alone—great numbers of whom were killed in holding positions which while hopeless yet would give the Serbian Army time to get further away and perhaps to consolidate some more valuable strategic points—and the heroism of the Serbians, men and officers alike, form an example for the world to wonder at and to follow if they can. During this terrible fighting the Serbs actually took over a thousand

prisoners including many officers. Then the Bulgarians came in.

They attacked Serbia on October 11th, 1915, though their declaration of war was not handed to the Serbian Government until late in the day on October 12th.

Germany had gained a worthy ally!

This new blow meant that Serbia now had to defend about one hundred and sixty miles on the Save and Danube, one hundred miles on the Bosnian front and two hundred and eighty miles on the Bulgarian frontier. The enormous task did not dismay the Serbians, however, for they continued to fight heroically though they well knew that this time their enemies meant to finish the job of annihilation. Here indeed was a gallant Nation at Bay.

Serbia's only hope lay in the prompt arrival of Entente aid, which had been promised and was daily expected but which did not come. So at last, when nearly surrounded and threatened with total extinction at the hands of its merciless ene-

mies, the gallant army withdrew to the trackless wilds of the Albanian mountains.

All the stores and munitions, the guns and motors, in fact everything that could not be carried on pack animals, had to be destroyed, while the remnants of that gallant army stood by filled with bitter grief and despair. Despairing they vanished from their beloved land, only love for which kept them from self-destruction They had too little hope in those black days, but it was their duty to Serbia to do what they could to survive so that, perchance, if the Entente did not again fail them they might by some miracle return to fight once more to restore to freedom the Serbia who must now lie for a time groaning under the cruel yoke of a ruthless oppressor.

CHAPTER VI

Hells on Earth

When the French and English retreated to the Marne, the resistless waves of German troops rolled after them and engulfed thousands of gallant hearts in their overwhelming flood. Mars rode upon the storm of horror and drank his fill of pain and blood.

When the Serbian Army retreated before the foe, four times its own strength, it went *backward* facing the enemy and fighting every step of the way. When the great arsenal of Kraguevatz fell, in November, 1915, the friends of Serbia wrung their hands and prayed that aid might reach her before it was too late.

The King, in the midst of his soldiers, said to them: "My children, you have taken an oath to me your King. From this I release you. From your oath to your country, I cannot release you,

but if you win, or if you lose, I and my sons stay with you here."

Old and feeble, suffering with neuritis and other infirmities, riding on a jolting ox-cart over the atrocious roads and with despair in his heart but still true to his ideals and the high courage of his race, his was a fitting spirit to guide such an army as the Serbians had proved theirs to be. And the soldiers, tired, hungry, worn and yet not overcome answered him with a shout of "Givela, Serbia." No shirking here. These were men who would be faithful unto death.

The Crown Prince Alexander, stricken and forced to undergo an operation at Skutari, would not seek safety until all arrangements had been made to carry the last poor refugee away to strange islands and foreign lands where he might await in safety the coming of a brighter day.

When the civil population of Serbia went forth from their homes, fleeing from those remembered horrors of invasion, they took with them only what they could carry on their backs, the clothing they wore and the bread which was to sustain

them for a little—such a *little* time. Some ox-carts there were, to be sure, but these moved slowly and had to be abandoned for lack of roads when the mountains were reached. Here there were only rough tracks made by goats or mules and even these were soon lost under the pitiless snow. The animals were first turned loose and later, as the distress and hunger of the people grew more acute, they were struck down and their flesh eaten by the starving wanderers. Famished dogs went wild and made common cause with the wolves and bears which roamed the mountain slopes. Then woe to any poor soul who might become separated from his group.

The Government formed all boys between the ages of seven and seventeen into companies so that youth might not be hampered by age in the flight. Over thirty thousand of these lads entered the snowy passes and what they braved, suffered and endured beggars imagination. Only six thousand survive today.

Had they fallen into the hands of the enemy various fates might have overtaken them. Any boy

over twelve years of age was liable to be called a "soldier" and interned, then starved as all Serbian prisoners are starving today. Or he might be termed a spy and shot or infamously hanged as so many thousand Serbians have been within these past two years. Or, if still young enough to forget, he might be taken into strange lands and there trained in arms, eventually to fight against his own country.

So they went forth on their pilgrimage of martyrdom. Their doom has moved a warring world to futile tears.

Those awful roads in November were filled with a procession of women, children, old men and maimed soldiers striving to get away from the sound of guns—while behind them fought the little groups of devoted men, fought till their weapons fell from their hands, fought still when, wounded, they sank upon the blood-soaked soil of Beloved Serbia, fought to give time for those poor refugees to get a little farther away that perchance they might somewhere find safety.

Away in the icy roads leading to Albania,

Red Cross Hospital Ship "Sphinx"

English home of the author

the poor ones struggled on. Mothers with their little ones around them; blinded soldiers led by the gentle hands of young girls, and carrying in their arms sick or half-frozen children; old men, tottering, stumbling, falling at last to rise no more; strong and handsome women, haggard now with bitter fear, their danger greater than any other.

A child would moan in its mother's arms, and its little life would flicker out. The mother, kneeling beside the tiny form, would take off her great homespun apron that she might leave the loved body decently covered. But the other suffering children, crying at her side, needed the meagre warmth of the ragged garment, so the heartbroken mother with a piteous prayer must gather her little brood about her and, leaving her baby uncovered, go on again.

One by one the children would fall by the roadside, prey to every cruel chance of misery, until at last the poor mother, more able to stand hardship than the little ones, would be left alone. Death would have been very sweet to her—to the

thousands like her who made that awful journey, —but she was of mettle too stern to accept this compromise with Fate. She knew just three shining words, Love, Home, Duty. It was her duty to go on and keep life in her starved and freezing body as long as she could so that if, by some unimagined chance she might come back again; come Home and raise up other children to live in the Beautiful Serbia of her love.

Oh, these were soldiers too. Not theirs the reek and riot, the heat and joy of battle. They fought the bitter fight with cold and hunger. Their tired and bleeding feet trod the ways of Gethsemane; the rich and tenderly nurtured side by side with the poor and lowly.

Sometimes a terrible blizzard would sweep down upon them and they could not crouch down seeking shelter under the rocks by the rough trail but must needs struggle on since to falter then meant death by freezing.

Alas! for the many tiny hands and little feet which today bear terrible proof of the power of those icy blasts, and alas for the desolate mothers

whose babes knew no other winding-sheet than the spotless snow and whose little bodies lie thickly on the road to a nation's Calvary.

On Corfu and Corsica, whither the Allies transferred the refugees when at last they arrived at the coast of Albania, so many died from the effects of that piteous evacuation that the islands could not accommodate all the wasted bodies within their soil, and they had to be loaded on barges by hundreds, taken away from the shore and committed to the keeping of the sea;—that sea which in life had been denied them but which must now forever be hallowed to Serbia by the devoted hearts that have found rest beneath its waves.

Thousands of Serbian soldiers were taken prisoners in those terrible days of fighting. And what was their lot?

The treatment of prisoners in Austria—proud, aristocratic Austria!—is awful beyond words. Forced to work at the hardest and vilest tasks, fed upon so-called "turnip soup," which is little more than unclean water, and foul scraps of unspeakable black bread—too little of either even to dull

the edge of appetite, they are herded in draughty sheds without blankets and with only an occasional ragged sack to cover their wasted bodies. Sick and well are crowded together, without medical attention, and when a man grows too weak to work he is thrust into a wooden cage and there kept until merciful death lays its hand on him, and he can carry his sorrows into an unmarked grave. Beaten with the butts of rifles, savagely smashed into their faces, kicked, spat upon and cursed, these men still cling to life hoping they may yet, by some miracle, be freed to strike again for the Serbia of their dreams.

Looking backward and comparing the demeanor of the prisoners of different nationalities, the thing that impressed me most when I was in Serbia in 1915 was the air of utter and serene contentment on the faces of the Austrian prisoners; and in 1916, the suspicious, but relieved, air of the Bulgarians, when they found that they were still alive and unharmed after being taken by the Serbians.

The Austrians sang and joked at their

work and, except for an occasional home-sick boy, seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. But the Bulgarians could not believe that their captors—who had seen the mutilated bodies of their brothers rescued from the enemies' bloody hands—would not take revenge upon them in kind.

Serbian soldiers know only too well what it means to fall alive into the hands of the Bulgarians, for the Bulgarian is a Tartar with all the cruel instincts of the race. He kills his enemy as he lies wounded or shoots his prisoners in batches. Happy are these if death alone awaits them after capture.

In Belgrade I have seen pitiful remnants of men who have been rescued from the hands of the foe, whose favorite trick is to mutilate in some horrible manner that will either make those who look upon his victim shudder with horror, or rouse one to sorry laughter, as in the case of the wretched man of whom I spoke in a previous chapter. In either case the man is barbarously marked for life.

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CHAPTER VII

The Call

From the time that I returned to England, where I was then living for a while, after the close of my hospital work in Belgrade, life had been smooth and pleasant. My home in lovely Hampshire seemed dearer than ever, with its great trees and its green lawns. The days slipped by so peacefully that the suffering I had seen seemed almost like a dream—yet not *quite* a dream, for always there was work to do, money to be raised, clothing to be collected and sent off to Serbia, letters from the friends I had made in Belgrade and replies to be sent. And always in my heart grew and flourished the love and admiration which had been implanted there by the courage of those splendid soldiers and by the patience and suffering of those brave and gentle women.

Early in 1915, a meeting was held in the Mansion House in London, by the Serbian Relief Fund, at which Herbert Samuel, T. P. O'Connor and other prominent speakers told of the terrible conditions in Serbia. The horrors of the typhus epidemic were so vividly presented that more than one person in the audience was moved to volunteer to go out and minister unto agonized Serbia.

I was one of those to offer my services. My former experience among the soldiers in the hospitals gave me reason to believe that I could again be of help, but on application to the Serbian Relief Fund I discovered that the fact that I was not "trained" and had no certificates rendered me unacceptable; my knowledge of the people, their customs and the practical experience I had gained among them, being apparently of little value.

However, a week later, Princess Alexis Karageorgevitch, the American wife of Prince Alexis of Serbia, cousin of King Peter, wrote to me, saying, "I hear the Serbian Relief Fund would not take you, but if you will go out with us, Alexis and I will be only too glad to have you. We

know how much every pair of willing hands is needed."

Then followed a hectic week of preparation. Vaccination, inoculation against typhoid, proper clothing in which to do any work that might be required of me, settling up all my affairs in case I did not return, and dozens of other things, including passports, all of which I had to attend to myself.

Prince and Princess Alexis had been collecting medical supplies and money for the stricken people. Mrs. Leggett, an American living in London, had given a splendid ambulance, and many committees in England and America had collected clothing, dressings and drugs, all of which were sent direct from England to Salonika, there to await our arrival.

Captain Nicholas Georgevitch was acting as Aide to the Prince, and it was splendid to see how he worked. He would trust no one to mark the many bales and cases containing the precious stores, and I was much impressed to find this immaculate young man kneeling on dusty ware-

house floors with a stencil in one hand and a brush dripping with black paint in the other, solemnly putting on the addresses. I asked him why he did not have it done by the packers.

"If *these* things go astray, it is *my* fault!" was his answer.

We crossed from Folkstone to Boulogne and went through endless examinations though, owing to the high rank of the Prince, I was told these formalities were less severe than ordinarily is the case. Prince Alexis having lived many years in Paris and being well known there, the authorities were very considerate on our arrival at the station, and we were able to set off with little delay for the hotel. The streets were filled with black-robed women and children and with blue-gray clad soldiers. On every face was a look of grave determination. I seemed to see written there those heroic words of the French commander: "*THEY SHALL NOT PASS.*"

I was hurrying one day along the Champs Elysées when I saw a sad little group of soldiers, real "poilus," brown and bearded but with the

hospital pallor showing through the tan, wandering aimlessly under the trees. One was on crutches —his right leg missing; another had only one arm, while the third, with a green shade over his eyes, had his head swathed in bandages. They were evidently strangers in Paris, perhaps from the Northern invaded provinces, and certainly homesick and lonely.

As I looked, suddenly a gorgeous, glittering automobile came purring smoothly down the road driven by an immaculately-groomed man of middle-age—and this was an unusual sight, for few private cars were in use in Paris. With a gentle swerve the beautiful car drew up at the curb and the owner leaned out and said something to the three soldiers of which I caught only the words "Mes freres—" (my brothers).

The invalids stared in uncomprehending wonder, but the gentleman spoke again and waved his arm hospitably toward the tonneau. Slowly the soldiers smiled! Then they feebly lifted themselves, their sticks and crutches into the luxurious vehicle (with many injunctions to each

other to be careful), and the last I saw of the party they were whirling gayly away amid the blessings and cheers of a little crowd which, like myself, had watched the pretty episode.

After dinner the first evening, Prince George of Serbia, eldest son of King Peter, came in and I was able to observe, without seeming to do so, this interesting personage. Very tall, almost gaunt, with broad shoulders held in a slightly stooping position and with hands always buried in his trouser pockets, he reminded me strongly of his father the King. Abrupt and restless, utterly careless of the conventions, said to be kind, but never tender, a passionate hater and an ardent patriot, Prince George has much of the charm of a high-spirited and undisciplined boy.

Surprised to see him in Paris at this time, some one asked, "And were you in this campaign, your Highness?" Instantly, his eyes blazing, he opened his tunic and shirt to expose his lean, brown body with a fresh and flaming scar. Then, turning, he showed a corresponding one at the back where the bullet has passed out.

"You think I do not love my country," he exclaimed. "Well, there's my proof."

Then I was told the story how, in the midst of a fierce battle, he had come upon a group of Serbian soldiers, dazed and idle.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

"Prince, our officers are all killed and we do not know what to do."

"Follow me," roared George, and he dashed into the Austrians' front rank. The men did follow and when the enemy had been driven back they returned bringing the Prince helpless and bleeding profusely but still full of fight.

After a few days in Paris, we started for Marseilles. Our party formed a fairly imposing spectacle. There were the Prince and Princess Alexis, Captain Georgevitch, myself, the Princess' English maid, her French chef, the French chauffeur, (who was to keep the ambulance and the touring car in order, driving them whenever required) the chauffeur's wife, who was to be chambermaid, a pair of bulldogs, an Italian dog, delicate and beautiful, called Roma, and a tiny Pekin-

ese. There were thirty-eight trunks, some of them filled with household linens, curtains and silver; for the Prince and Princess intended taking up their permanent residence in Serbia. How little we then thought of the further terrible events so soon to overwhelm the country.

Our first stop was at Malta, where we went ashore. The streets were hot and glaring with sunshine which was most cheering after the cold raw bleakness of London and even Paris. The Governor sent a launch to take us on a trip in the harbor and we were much interested to see the battleships, destroyers and other vessels, and the enormous piles of shells and cases of various munitions lying on the quays ready for trans-shipping.

England was preparing for war at last on a large scale. Hospital ships were arriving from Salonika and even farther East, filled with sick or wounded, large numbers of whom came from Gallipoli. The streets of Malta were full of troops and staff officers, while convalescents, and soldiers

returning from India on their way to the front, chatted at every corner.

A few days later we arrived at Athens, where we were met by Count Mercati, Court Chamberlain to Queen Sophia of Greece, and son-in-law of Princess Alexis. We had a delightful day and were sorry to leave when our ship sailed. The three little grandchildren of Princess Alexis saw us off with assurances that they would soon come to see us in Serbia,—"As soon as you have got every one well," said eight-year-old Daria.

We had on board several French officers who were going to join their forces at Lemnos, two infantry officers in the beautiful blue-gray corduroy field uniform, an aviation hero, handsome and bashful as a girl but the holder of two of the highest French decorations for valor, and a dozen other interesting personalities, including an English officer on a mission for the Admiralty.

We touched at Dedeagatch, the Bulgarian port (then neutral) where all stores and supplies for the allied troops at the Dardanelles were landed, and we could hear the thunder of the big guns as

Outfitting refugee children in Macedonia with clothing from America

Mountains over which the Serbians retreated

the warships waged their fruitless fight to pass the Narrows.

We watched the supply ships lying at anchor, with the sailors' washing whipping in the wind. We saw the bare, gray warehouses on the shore and pyramids of cases with pigmy figures of soldiers swarming over them, building them up or carrying them piecemeal away. Over all hung a heavy dim-colored haze brought by the wind from beyond the sheltering hills. This was the smoke of battle! Over us the lowering clouds and below a sullen, choppy gray sea—fit setting for the tragedy that was soon to follow the Allies' expedition against Constantinople.

From Dedeagatch to Salonika is but a short journey, and I am happy to say we arrived during a brief interval of fine weather, so that my first view of the ancient Macedonian city was a highly satisfactory one. My previous two trips to Serbia had been made overland. The beautiful curving harbor encircled us, its shores jeweled with blue and pink and milk-white villas in an emerald setting of trees; before us the quays and

modern houses of the town with the famous White Tower at one end and the small dark Custom House at the other. Climbing up the hill was the Old Town, with its quaint tumble-down houses and mosques with their delicate minarets, all surrounded by the wall which has been its protection for many centuries. Across the harbor sat Mount Olympus crowned with snow.

All the hotels are on the quay side, or near it. We went directly to the "Olympos Palace" and were so fortunate as to find excellent rooms. Our arrival caused some excitement. The Prince and Princess were overwhelmed by callers and deluged with invitations, most of which were evaded.

We found that our mountain of stores had arrived but the boxes were scattered and buried in the dilapidated, untidy storehouses on the quay. It seemed an almost hopeless task to reclaim them, but the Prince and Captain Georgevitch, working day after day, with their own hands, dug through tons of freight and at last managed to get all our bales and cases together in one place. What

their opinion of Greek porters was I dare not state!

This took ten days, but finally we started on the last lap of our journey over the plains of northern Macedonia where symmetrical little hills rose suddenly from the flat earth; past miles of swamps filled with rank weeds; sometimes, between clumps of tall marsh grass, catching a glimpse of lily-ponds where blue-gray herons dozed among the flowers, and occasionally meeting to our amazement a shepherd so primitive in dress and appearance that he seemed as though translated directly from the days when the gods dwelt on Olympus. Then, in the distance, blue hills and our train puffed slowly around a long bend and into Serbia.

CHAPTER VIII

Through Beautiful Serbia

Ghevghelia is the frontier town of Serbia, and it was there we saw the first concrete signs of war. Just over the hills which here form the boundary between Serbia and Bulgaria a comitadji (brigand band) of two thousand Bulgarians was lying in wait to sweep down on the town—to loot and burn and destroy.

But near the station Serbia's guns were trained on these same hills and her tall gaunt soldiers were alert and ready to repel the invaders. Up the hillsides clung the tents and grass huts of the troops, while along the railway line low gray wooden crosses marked the graves of those already fallen in defense of their country.

The old men and young boys who were strong enough to carry guns, but who could not stand the rigors of campaigning, were everywhere guarding the railway lines. It sometimes hap-

pened that roving bands of Bulgarians would creep down the hillside and surprise them. Then fresh graves and new crosses would appear along the line.

It was no uncommon sight to see boys of fourteen and men of eighty standing by the track, or sitting by their huts of cornstalks close by, and always with their guns held in their brown hands or coddled in the crook of their arms. Always ready, weak or old though they might be, yet were they strong enough to give the signal when danger threatened and, if need be, to lay down their lives for the country which they loved.

At this time Bulgaria was not *officially* at war with Serbia, but there is no doubt whatever that these bands of brigands were employed by Austria to harass the Serbians in the south and east, so as to keep as many soldiers as possible engaged there.

The last time that Austria's army was driven out the retreating forces left an enormous number of sick and wounded behind them and among the sufferers were many with typhus. The infection quickly spread and soon the deaths were so numer-

ous that in the smaller villages the dead could not be buried. The only way the bodies could be disposed of was by piling rubbish in the doorways of the houses where such deaths had occurred and setting fire to it. In this way the contents were burned, and with them the various vermin, which were the chief factors in spreading the disease, were destroyed.

From Ghevghelia, we traveled north, through Uskub where Claude and Alice Askew, English novelists (who had been doing splendid work in Serbia and who have since lost their lives on a torpedoed vessel) came to the station to greet the Prince and Princess and to bring the latest news of how the work was progressing. We learned of the death of many of the doctors, nurses and other relief workers who had gone out from England, France and America as soon as the typhus epidemic made its appearance. But in no case was any worker willing to leave Serbia. From the time the great need of help was made known, volunteers came in large numbers, fearless and ready.

There are graves in Serbia today of foreign men and women whose names are imperishably engraved on Serbian hearts. Among these martyrs to the cause of mercy were Madge Neil Fraser, Scotland's girl golf-champion, who died during the typhus epidemic, martyr to love and duty; Richard Chichester, heir to a great British title, worker and philanthropist; Mrs. Hadley, sister of General French, who was killed by a bursting shell a few months ago in the presence of her daughter, while on duty at Monastir; the American Dr. Cooke, typhus victim, and Emily Louisa Simmonds, an American Red Cross nurse who offered her all and suffered much for Serbia. There were many others also, heroes all, who gave their lives for a country not their own—who died nobly for the sake of a suffering people.

When we arrived at Nish, we found that the train for Vrgntze, our destination, had gone. The station master made up a "special" for us and we started out in pursuit of the "local." On overtaking it, we found it crowded with sick and wounded, who were being sent to the hospitals at

Vrgntze, and with other workers like ourselves. Space was made for us however, and we went rattling away over the beautiful rolling valley of the Morava.

The single track railway wound in and out among the hills and through little towns and villages, whose white houses with glowing, red-tiled roofs were set in small gardens that later on would be gay with roses, lilies and pink oleanders. Sometimes we could see the larger house of a Zadruga, surrounded by its cultivated fields and by the smaller cottages clustering like white chickens around a mother hen. The trees of the fruit orchards sheltering the little homesteads would soon be bursting into leaf. In the muddy ditches ducks quacked and paddled, while long lines of solemn geese raised their heads inquiringly toward the passer-by.

Often in the towns, we would see the domes and minaret of a Moslim Mosque (rising side by side with the tower and Cross of the Orthodox Church), reminding us of the long Turkish reign. We happened to pass along the route from Nish

to Vrgntze on a market day, so the roads were full of gayly clad peasants leading their small donkeys or driving the slow moving, dreamy oxen.

Sometimes a detachment of cavalry would dash from a gap in the hills and for a time gallop besides our not-too-swiftly-moving train, or a column of Austrian prisoners in their stained and ragged uniforms would pass, unarmed and almost unguarded, to their work of road-making or reconstruction. They did not look sullen or unhappy. I was told that many were Austrian Slavs who were only too glad not to fight against those whom they look upon as their own countrymen.

After some hours we saw through the pouring rain, which suddenly swept round the shoulder of a hill, the dense grove of trees that shelters beautiful Vrgntze, and in a few moments our locomotive puffed wearily into the station, which is two miles from the town. All the notables of the district were at the station to meet their Highnesses, and there was a long and rather damp reception.

We found the Princess' automobile, which had

preceded us from Salonika, waiting, and were soon on our way to town. The road was so bad we had grave fears for the springs, but we arrived without accident and were soon eating a good hot lunch in the Villa Agnes, which was to be our home. This Villa was the only available house suitable for the good-sized establishment of Prince Alexis. The owner moved out shortly after our arrival and the whole place was turned over to him.

In spite of the rain, which continued to fall in torrents, I thought I had never seen a more beautiful place than Vrgntze. Imagine a little L shaped valley between blue hills thickly clad with trees and starred with white villas. Through the valley runs a tiny river only about ten feet wide but making enough noise for a stream three times its size. On either bank are graveled walks which spread and wind away under great acacia and lime trees, and beyond the lovely park stand the villas of the townspeople, the shops, restaurants and cafés.

In the park near the river is a large open pavilion in which sometimes a band played.

Nearby are the medicinal bath houses and mineral springs, for Vrgntze is a well known health resort, and the waters have all the virtues of those of Carlsbad or Ems.

But everywhere in the pretty town were evidences of the suffering that comes in war's train.

At the edge of the town is a large new hotel, the Therapia, which had been converted to a hospital by Professor Berry and his wife, Dr. Berry. Still further out, where the river spread in rippling shallows over a wide stony bed, was a long, low building—the Isolation Hospital. On the hillside above the town was a hospital run by an English Military Medical Officer, Major Banks, and near it a Convalescent Hospital under Mr. Gwin of California.

Many of the cafés and restaurants had been taken over and made into hospitals by the Serbians. In one I found Greek surgeons and a French matron, while among the nurses were Americans, English and Russians. The streets were full of convalescent officers and men, while the hospitals disclosed ghastly sights. Men lacking both legs

and an arm, others with one leg and no arms, men whose heads had been broken by shrapnel or shell splinters lying paralyzed, their tragic eyes following us as we passed. Young boys with minds unbalanced, sound of body but equally helpless, watched us stupidly, or shouted the mirthless laugh of sheer madness.

There was not room enough in the hospitals nor sufficient medical supplies for all the soldiers, so little or nothing could be done for the civil population.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, a fine English woman, did establish roadside dispensaries where women and children could receive treatment. But, valuable as her work was, it was only a drop in the bucket of the awful need. Only for typhus could aid be given elsewhere, for of course it was imperative that this disease be utterly stamped out.

One day a woman staggered up to Major Banks' hospital and, falling on the door-step, died. With her were two little children, both within a few hours of death. A corner of a crowded ward was cleared for them and I saw them just before

Ilyia

the merciful end. In the same ward lay two strong men struggling for breath. They also died that day of pneumonia. Round them, the cots nearly touching so cramped was the space, lay their comrades who wished to get well only that they might go out again and fight the implacable enemy.

On that day I went sadly back to my storeroom at the Villa Agnes and began unpacking a great wooden case which had come from America. In it I found several parcels of body belts, "cholera belts" we call them out there, and in the corner of each was sewn a tiny American flag. A sudden rush of tears blinded me and I pressed the little flag to my lips and broke down completely. The thought of my own countrywomen giving their time and devotion to help us do our work, so far away in that little known part of Europe filled me with appreciative emotion.

CHAPTER IX

At Work

When I offered myself for work in Serbia in the typhus epidemic, I thought I would be obliged to nurse the victims of that dread disease, but my orders were to take charge of the medical stores which we had brought and the further supplies which were to follow from various English and American sources.

My duties at Vrgntze began at 6:30 in the morning, when I was usually found in the store-room opening up for the day. The round of the hospitals followed, and when I had secured lists of their needs, I returned to the store-room, unpacked and stored the contents of the large cases of supplies of various sorts which were arriving frequently from English and American sympathizers. Then I made duplicate lists of the requirements of each hospital, packed the goods on stretchers, which were brought up to the Villa each

day by the prisoner-orderlies, and received and filed the receipts from the matrons, or storekeepers of the hospitals.

Some of the hospitals, notably that of Professor Berry, had their own direct sources of supply, but the drugs, instruments, dressings and clothing which had been collected by the Prince and Princess Alexis did an infinite amount of good. By their great devotion and their thoughtful kindness to everyone around them, they endeared themselves to us all. They were called by the soldiers "Our Prince" and "Our Princess," and no man was too ill or too sad to cheer, however feeble his voice, when the Prince looked back from the door after hours of friendly conversation with the invalids and called out bravely, "Till tomorrow, comrades!"

The Princess has a beautifully trained voice, and is a most accomplished musician. There was a good piano in the Villa Agnes and each evening she would play and sing, to the comfort of us all after the often harrowing scenes of the day.

Sometimes we would motor over to nearby

towns on market-day, and come back with our car loaded with rude pottery, or native rugs and osier mats for the stone floors of the Villa.

About twice a week Princess Alexis would hale me forth from the store-room for a walk. We would go through the park and strike off into lanes where the fringy-petaled clematis made close fragrant curtains over the high, unkempt hedges on either side.

These rambles were a great treat after the strain of the sights in the hospitals and the hard, often manual, labor in the store-room. We would return with our arms filled with the gorgeous wild flowers for which Serbia is famous, and these would be massed in the great earthen jars by the doors of the Villa Agnes and in the little salon. With books, photographs and beautiful pieces of old brocade from the inexhaustible trunks, the bare, rectangular rooms took on a comforting look of Home.

The food was sparse and poor, but it was exquisitely cooked and daintily served. Now I happened to be possessed of robust health and a

splendid appetite beyond what the others seemed to have, so these delicate meals did not satisfy me. However, I soon discovered a remedy.

Before leaving Salonika, I had been romantically attracted by a sign advertising "Honey of Hymettus." Shades of the ancient Olympians—it was irresistible! So when I started north I purchased a large wooden box (which got in everyone's way and was an absolute nuisance) containing four kilo jars of the famous honey. During the journey I often regretted my sentimental lapse, for I am not at all fond of sweets of any kind, but at Vrgntze that honey was truly a god-send.

So there might be no danger of my springing to the table and greedily devouring *all* the beautifully prepared but woefully skinny chicken which was to be "dinner" for four, *all* the small dish of salad, which had been painfully procured at great expense, and *all* the airy vanilla wafers which usually formed our dessert, I would retire to my own room before the meal was served and, locking the door, swallow three or four spoonfuls of rich, cloying honey and then take my place at the

table with a politely dulled appetite. I never want to taste honey again!

As there was no plumbing in the Villa, all water had to be brought from the public fountains in big tins hung on a pole across the shoulders of a servant. Our water-carrier was an Austrian prisoner named Basil. It was particularly difficult to converse with him because, curiously enough, his only language was Russian, and that of such a poor quality that even the Serbs could hardly understand him. For days he hung around the storeroom door and tried to tell me something.

From his contortions of face and body I was not quite sure whether he had a bad pain and wanted medicine or whether he desired me to get him a job as an acrobat. But at last I began to understand and to sympathize. He wished me to give him some clothes to replace the stained, old Austrian uniform he was wearing. When I had found him an outfit, he was the happiest man in Serbia, and the first time he appeared before the household we sat down on the door-step and laughed until we were weak.

Now Basil had a queer shape, broad and heavy, with short sturdy legs, long arms and a round, bullet head. His face, at the first glance, looked like that of a thorough-going ruffian with its squinting eyes, thick, blubber lips and flat, broken nose. But when he smiled, you saw that he was just a battered, kindly, simple soul with the heart of a faithful dog.

Imagine him then, in a pair of old dress trousers, heavily braided and six inches too long, a black calico shirt with large white stars and crescents printed on it, no collar but a big button at the neck of the shirt, evidently made of sealing wax, an excellent tweed shooting jacket with leather buttons and a belt which, not meeting, hung down his back below his knees. On his feet was a pair of glistening new "Arctics" and, coming down to his ears, which were forced out at an angle of 45 degrees, a flat-brimmed high-crowned derby hat of most ancient vintage.

As long as he was in uniform, Basil had saluted us in approved military fashion, but from the moment when he burst upon the family's astounded

gaze in civilian clothing, his salutation consisted in depressing the brim of his great hat until it stood up straight in the air, then releasing it and letting it fall again upon his ears with a loud "plop."

At our first view of the transformation the Prince roared, the Princess shrieked, the maids giggled hysterically; the chef, looking out of his kitchen window, chuckled until we thought he would have apoplexy. But Basil stood grinning with pride before us. Later, he beckoned me to the back gate with mysterious gestures and showed me a grayish bundle which he raised carefully in the air and then kicked violently into the road. As it fell apart in the ditch, I saw that it was his discarded Austrian uniform.

Another interesting member of the establishment was a Serbian gendarme, or soldier guard, named Ilyia, who had spent some time in the United States and spoke English quite well. He was a fine built fellow about six feet three inches tall, and broad in proportion and, though recently convalescent from a serious wound, was still quite

the strongest man I have ever seen. He would take the big Red Cross cases, which two men could hardly move, from the ox-carts at the gate and carry them up the steep five hundred yards of garden-path with apparent ease.

He had made money in America and had opened a "café" in Pittsburg, where he was doing well, when the war began in the Balkans. His loyalty to Mother Serbia had brought him back to fight. One day, Prince Alexis asked him, "Ilyia, if you were so prosperous in the United States, why did you return to Serbia and leave it all?"

"Well, Highness," was his reply, "you see I felt I just had to kill some of Serbia's enemies—and I've done it."

When Ilyia was dressed in his dark blue uniform with its scarlet pipings, the white, blue and scarlet enamel "Cocarde" on his smart cap and high, well-fitting, patent leather boots, he was a handsome and an imposing figure.

CHAPTER X

Austrian Prisoners

During the epidemic the Austrians, fearing infection, kept away from any possibility of contact with the Serbians. No fighting took place for many months and we were able to go about our work systematically without distraction.

The Austrian prisoners at Vrgntze were a strong, healthy-looking lot of men, and though their uniforms were somewhat ragged and stained they were quite sufficient for comfort and decency. In the Park near the Springs was a stone and brick building which was used as a fumigating station, while farther away, near the Post Office was the prisoners' wash house where the steaming tubs were always full of linen, and even cloth garments.

The men moved about their work joking and whistling, seemingly well content to be busy and far from the battlefields. On the roads we would

meet squads of them marching to or from their work, and the discipline was admirable as they swung along staring curiously at the Princess who, with her golden hair and beautiful Paris gowns, naturally attracted attention. I may say here that, despite her dainty, fragile appearance, she did her full share of the hard and often distasteful work that demanded so many pairs of willing hands.

One day a group of prisoners stood at attention as we passed, and among them I recognized a waiter who had often served me in a London restaurant. They were always most respectful and never, I believe, gave any trouble to the authorities. The only cause for complaint I ever had against the prisoners was that when Arctics were requisitioned by the hospitals and I sent them on the stretchers with other stores, one or two pairs would always disappear en route. However, one could hardly blame the men, since footgear was so scarce that half the time their bare feet were on the ground. What with the sharp, coarse gravel of the paths this was no joke.

They were always most obliging and would move heavy cases for me, open boxes, or do anything else I might want done. Occasionally I would give them a few cigarettes, for which they seemed most grateful. The Serbian soldiers did not mingle with them, but I never heard any rough words addressed to them nor saw them treated otherwise than kindly.

In the hospitals, of course, sick or wounded prisoners were given the same consideration as the Serbs themselves. I saw one man lying at the inside end of the ward one day and apparently suffering greatly from the close heat of the place and a Serb, who was being carried in from the baths, had his carriers put him into that bed, giving up his own place by the window to the Austrian.

The prisoners lived in barracks at the edge of the town and were employed only for government work, but after Prince Alexis arrived one or two were allowed, as a reward for good conduct, to enter his personal service. This was very convenient, as few Serbs will take a menial position and servants are very difficult to get. The Prince was

Quay at Salonika

Place Liberté, Salonika,—four o'clock any day!

lucky in finding a tall, handsome fellow, who had been an upper waiter in one of the best London hotels, and who made an excellent butler. With the chauffeur's wife and the lady's maid he did most of the house work, while the chef and Basil took care of the kitchen and the servants' quarters, which formed a separate building near the house.

The original dining room of the Villa was also an independent building, about sixty feet long by eighteen feet wide. This we used as our storeroom. Along one side I ranged packing cases, one on the other to the height of nine feet, and thus formed a series of very convenient cupboards in which I could keep the various kinds of stores, well sorted, and within easy reach. In an alcove at the end of the room, under a great window which opened on a terrace planted with fragrant standard roses, Prince Alexis had his desk, and here he and Captain Georgevitch worked faithfully day after day.

Among other things sent us from England, were thousands of pairs of knitted woolen wristlets that

had been made for the Indian troops, who were transferred from the Western front to Egypt before these comforts were ready. As the Serbian soldiers needed socks more than wristlets, we raveled them out and had the wool reknitted by Serbian ladies who volunteered for the work. We also had several thousand yards of flannel and a similar quantity of heavy cotton material which they made up into shirts. Even then we could not give the men a change of anything as there were not enough garments for all of them to be fully clad once.

In the center of the long store-room was a row of stout tables for the workers, and all along the opposite side and down one end of the room were heaps of army blankets, cases of drugs, instruments, tinned milks, foods for invalids, and great, gray-painted chests of Red Cross supplies.

One day we received a large box with a black edged card tacked on it. Within were quantities of dainty baby clothes. These were soon sorted into sets and supplied to several poor, young mothers, widows of Serbian officers. These were the hard-

est of all to help, for they concealed their poverty so proudly that it took infinite tact to get them to accept anything at all.

Shortly after this Sir Thomas Lipton came to call on Prince Alexis. He was much impressed by our work and said that our store-room was the best organized and best arranged he had seen out there. I was much pleased, as he had seen them all, but, being an Irishman, it is probable the "Blarney" entered into his commendations.

In spite of the scarcity of many things—sugar being often unobtainable, and candles costing sometimes two francs each—we got on fairly comfortably, and came to realize how easily one can do without things that have heretofore been considered indispensable.

We all felt so remarkably well and strong that we began to look around for the probable cause. We thought we found it in the excellent water which was brought from the fountains and of which we drank large quantities, it being our only beverage. Wherever the Turk has been you will find fine wells since owing to his religion, which for-

bids wine or spirits, he will dig to any depth to gain an unfailing supply of pure water. For many who, like myself, will be unwilling in the future to patronize the German and Austrian "cure" places, I can strongly recommend Vryny-atchka Banya ("The Baths of Vrgntze").

CHAPTER XI

The Return

When the typhus epidemic was at its height very early in 1915, the proportion of deaths among those attacked was over eighty per cent. It seemed as if the whole population was dying. When a stranger in a town fell ill his one desire was to return to his home, and no matter how far away he might be, he immediately set out on his journey. Of course he spread the infection right and left, so that the disease seemed to fly on wings among the simple and highly gregarious people.

When we found out a method of segregating the awful malady in our district, the improvement was immediate and within a very short time the mortality was reduced from eighty to twenty per cent. Each suspected case was placed in a special receiving room, where he was shaved from head to foot, even the eyebrows being removed. He was

then bathed with paraffine or some such insecticide and placed in an observation ward. The vermin, which was the principal cause of the spread of the disease, now being eliminated, it was comparatively easy not only to cure the patient but to prevent any further spread of infection.

Many nurses and doctors died before the invention of a special costume which rendered them immune. This consisted of a long tunic girdled closely; a pair of "Turkish" trousers bound tightly round the ankles; the head covered by a cap which completely concealed the neck; rubber gloves on the hands; the face and the insteps above the shoes were smeared with some ointment to repel the attacks of vermin. From the first week that these precautions were adopted, not a nurse or doctor who strictly observed them, was attacked. By dint of hard work, and rigorous attention to the many necessary details of sanitation, by mid-summer, 1915, the typhus epidemic had been practically stamped out.

Then we found that, for some unknown cause, our supplies were falling off in quantity, besides arriving with great irregularity, so I was sent back to England to see what could be done to insure a steady and unfailing flow.

As the train service was extremely poor, the Prince offered to take me over to Stalac where I could get a fairly good train to Nish. The Princess also decided to accompany me on this first stage of my journey and we started at four o'clock in a cool, gray dawn. The mist clung round the hill tops and a damp wind blew in our faces.

At Stalac we had a long wait, as the train was very late, but at last I was helped up the high steps of an incongruously luxurious railway car and, with kindly farewells, sent on my journey. As my command of the Serbian language extends only to a very limited number of words, Ilyia was sent with me to interpret and to look after me generally. I was to do many commissions, both in Nish and Salon-

ika, for their Highnesses, and Ilyia was to be also my messenger and burden bearer.

At Nish I was met by a Professor Derocco, resident there, who had received a telegram from Prince Alexis to aid me as much as possible. By this time the rain was coming down in streams and we took a carriage, (which I am firmly convinced was the original One Hoss Shay), and started out to seek Banks and Consulates wherein my business lay. As I was to pass through Greece, Italy and France to England, it was necessary to have my passports viséed by the Consuls representing those countries. The offices were full of people who also had important business to transact, and I had several long waits. However, as all things come to an end, at last I was free to seek food and rest, my mission accomplished.

Professor Derocco had found a place which he assured me I would prefer to the hotels, as these latter were all so uncomfortably crowded, and he took me to a large private house away from the center of the town. We entered through a gate in a high stuccoed wall and found ourselves on a

flagged path in a rain-drenched garden. Around the corner of the house we went up a short flight of steps and knocked at a glass paneled door. It instantly was opened by a quaint and charming old lady whose absolute replica hovered in the background. The large hall was lined with big wooden coffers and presses. Through the curtained doors of these furnishings I saw piles of the heavy hand-woven sheets and pillow cases, embroidered bed covers, and other linens that are the pride of a Serbian household. The shelves of another revealed row upon row of glass jars of fruit and syrups of which the people are very fond.

I was ushered into a pleasant room with great shuttered windows opening on the street. The walls of the room were ornamented with bright-hued native tapestries and the table cover was a brilliant specimen of hand-woven silk and linen threads finely embroidered. Coffee was brought in on a beautifully carved tray and that invariable adjunct to Serbian hospitality, a large carafe of sparkling cold water. I was told that this was

the apartment used by Prince Paul, a nephew of the King, on his visits to Nish.

Professor Derocco left me to rest and went out to attend to some business for me, as the rain made it extremely disagreeable to get about the awful streets, and he was determined to save me all the effort possible.

At four o'clock he returned and, bidding my kind hostesses adieu, we drove over the yawning gaps in the rough cobble stones to the station. On the way I saw little groups of thin, ragged people crouching in the doorways, spattered by the pelting rain and by the mud from the wheels of our rickety, furiously-bounding cab. These, I was informed, were refugees from the North and East whose villages had been devastated by the Austrians and Bulgarians. Hungry, wet, uncomplaining, they sat there believing that soon all would be well and they would be able to return, rebuild their homes and begin again to cultivate their little farms in peace and security.

At the station we found a fairly dry table in the café on the platform and here we dined on

cabbage soup, coarse brown bread, goat's cheese, dry prunes and beer. Ilyia appeared when it was time to entrain. As Professor Derocco had arranged to pay a visit to his young daughter, who was living with his aunt at Uskub, he accompanied me. For hours in the train we talked of Serbia and her prospects. The Professor, who is one of the government's cartographers, produced one of his maps and I learned far more of Serbian geography than I had ever known before. So engrossed in this study was I that if was after midnight before I remembered the full day I had had and my need of sleep.

My escort bade me goodnight and sent the porter to make my bed, and I was soon in a log-like slumber. This would have lasted, I feel sure, well into the next afternoon, had I not been suddenly roused by a loud and persistent rapping on the door. When I opened it there stood Professor Derocco, looking irritatingly fresh and immaculate, bidding me good-by and begging me to let him know if he could serve me in any way either then or in the future. I did appreciate his kind-

ness but, oh, how I regretted my interrupted sleep.

Arriving at Ghevghelia I was entertained by the officials who provided a light repast with a graceful and kindly hospitality that made it as acceptable as a banquet. Then again, the dull, swampy plains of Macedonia and, just as dusk began to deepen, Salonika.

A telegram had been sent to the Olympos Palace Hotel, but the courier who met me said that every room was taken and people were even sleeping in the reception rooms, while the writing-room had been turned into a dormitory for officers. However, he said he would take care of me or die in the attempt. So, with gigantic Ilyia on the box and the courier leaning out the door of the cab and shouting to clear the way, we rattled over the stones and around the corners until we pulled up before the Hotel d'Amerique.

The old reception clerk showed me into a large room with three great four-post beds, all made up and with mosquito curtains snugly tucked in. I asked how much he wanted for it, and with an

Recent victims of gas bombs dropped from enemy aeroplanes on Monastir

Princess Alexis in the store-room at Vrintze

air of great surprise, he inquired if I meant "all of it." I said I certainly did, and he mumbled that the place was crowded and it would be very expensive. After a good deal of grumbling and sly calculation he assured me he could not let me have it under eight francs! I sent him for as much water as he could bring me—about four pails full—had a good refreshing wash and slept.

The next day was a busy one, and though my boat did not sail until midnight, there was none too much time. Ilyia was invaluable, and I kept him going from early morning until I bade him good-by at the dock. When I tried to give him a gold piece for good luck he refused it, saying he was honored in serving me since I was a friend of his country. I was deeply touched and we shook hands. I got to bed at twelve o'clock and stayed there until noon the next day.

CHAPTER XII

Doing My Bit in England and America

The journey to Naples was uneventful. There were some interesting people on board, mostly Italian Reservists returning to join their regiments. Among them was an "air-man," who had been training Bulgarian aviators (how he must regret it now). There was also an Italian editor from Constantinople and two Roman ladies, sisters, returning from Jerusalem. On this boat I made the acquaintance of Mr. Francis Markoe, who had been working with Lady Paget's unit in Serbia all through the typhus epidemic and who is now a member of the Serbian Relief Committee of America and still working faithfully for Serbia.

We went overland from Naples to Paris and when, passing along the Riviera, I saw men and women beautifully dressed, care-free, over-fed, I wondered which was the dream,—the suffering, hungry, ragged, courageous and devoted people

I had just left, or this frivolous, perfumed, laughing crowd of pleasure seekers. The contrast was astounding.

On my arrival in London, I found the Serbian Relief Fund was packing and sending out large cases every week. Mrs. Carrington Wilde told me the organization was receiving splendid response to its appeals, and after I had seen the fine corps of volunteer workers packing and labeling the bales of clothing and the great boxes of other much needed supplies, I felt happier.

Soon after my return, Captain Georgevitch arrived with a collection of war trophies consisting of Austrian war rifles, knapsacks, shells, hand grenades, swords, drums and many other interesting trophies collected on Serbian battlefields. These he placed on exhibition in some of the large stores in London and in other towns as well. Winchester among them, where I was able to arrange for a show of them at the Guild Hall. We charged a small admission fee and afterwards auctioned off the things. The affair was a great success and we made a good sum to be sent back to

Serbia in the form of drugs and other necessaries.

In October, having finished my work in England, I wished to get my passports to return to Serbia, but the situation was by this time so grave, owing to the strong Austrian offensive before Belgrade, that the American Ambassador refused to let me go It was not long before we heard the terrible news of the steady advance of the enemy forces, the capture of Kraguevatz and then the retreat of the Serbian army—fighting every inch of the way—and the awful tragedy of the evacuation.

I thought of my many friends in Belgrade, of the invalids, the maimed and the old who had to be left behind, and my heart was torn with fear and sorrow over their inevitable doom.

I knew that none but the very strongest could survive, that the weak and the ill would die of privation and that a deliberate policy of extermination would be carried on by the invaders. We know now that one-quarter of the population has already been destroyed and we fear that this is a too-conservative estimate.

Unless this war ends favorably for us, Serbia will be but a memory and her brave and splendid people will die out, butchered by the cruelest and most vindictive enemy the world has ever known. Serbia who held the gates on the East, as Belgium did on the West until the armies of England and France could take their stand; Serbia who, like Belgium, has been crucified and to-day is gasping out her life under the tortures of *our* enemies!

After taking part in the dreadful retreat over the Albanian mountains, Princess Alexis wrote me imploring my help. She and the Prince had started with their household in the automobile and the ambulance, she said, but on reaching the mountains had to abandon these vehicles.

The Princess wrote: "We burned them so that they should not benefit the enemy." She and her husband had passed through the awful ordeal, suffering from cold and hunger as did the poorest peasant in that fearful march, and those who saw her say she worthily upheld the reputation of our American women for courage and endurance.

After her arrival in Rome, she wrote a restrained

and unsensational account of the horrible journey which was published in the New York papers. In it she nowhere speaks of her own personal miseries, but I have testimony of eye witnesses that she and Prince Alexis endured cheerfully with the others all the suffering and hardships.

After receiving her letter, I came home to America, knowing that if I could only tell the people of the terrible need of Serbia their generous hearts would prompt them to give. Nor was I mistaken. I myself joined the Serbian Relief Committee of America and undertook to deliver a series of lectures on Serbia. In that way I soon raised a substantial sum for relief work among the refugees on the Island of Corsica.

My object was to get as much help as possible to the destitute people, with the utmost speed, since every hour and every day counted tragically against them in suffering and death.

So as the Serbian Relief Committee of America had at that time no suitable organization in the Balkans with which to administer relief to the refugees, I requested them to allow all funds

which might be raised at joint meetings by Miss Burke, an Englishwoman who had now joined me, and myself to be turned over to the Scottish Womens' Hospitals (whose representative Miss Burke was). They had a relief station already established on Corsica and could give help without delay. As we cabled the amount in hand, the Scottish Women's Hospitals would draw upon their own funds pending the arrival of our money to replace the sums.

The most successful meeting held during the two months that we worked together took place at the Breakers at Palm Beach, and at this one meeting we raised enough money to establish a tent hospital of two hundred beds on Corsica which was to be known as "The American Unit of the Scottish Womens' Hospital."

This meeting was held under the patronage of some of the most prominent citizens from all over America, and our two most generous subscribers were Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Rice and A. Kingsley Macomber, Esq. In consequence of our arrangement with the Scottish Womens' Hospital,

hundreds of lives were saved which otherwise would have been lost for lack of immediate aid.

Since then we have been able to send really good sums to carry on the work of feeding, clothing and restoring to health those destitute and unhappy people. The Serbian Relief Committee was so fortunate as to interest Dr. Edward Ryan of the American Red Cross in its work, and the last train loads of food sent into Serbia from Roumania by him were largely contributed to from our fund.

America was neutral then, the greatest and the richest country in the world. Her people provided with every comfort, every luxury. She was so fat and well fed it was difficult to realize that actual starvation stalked throughout so many unhappy cities in Europe. America did not realize that this war so intimately concerned her and that she would inevitably be drawn in. For a time there seemed to be something of the spirit which prompted the man of old to say, "Am I my brother's keeper," and to us, who had seen the trend of events, it was tragic that our country should be so blind.

CHAPTER XIII

Through the War Zone

In August, 1916, we of the Serbian Relief Committee began to feel a touch of impatience in letters from our American Consuls at Athens and Salonika and, as personal business called me to England, I offered to extend my journey to the near East to see what could have happened.

We were now a world at war, and sea travel having become more and more dangerous, I had been warned that it was most difficult to get permission to cross, but owing to the good offices of Mr. Arthur Lee and Mr. John Barrett, both of Washington, I was soon supplied with a passport and with a letter from the Secretary of State, recommending me to the courtesies of the American Ambassadors, Ministers and Consuls in the allied and neutral countries through which I must pass.

It was the third week in August when I sailed. There were no trippers, no gamblers, no "little actresses" and few New York dressmakers or milliners on board. Everyone was going on serious business, mostly connected with the war, which was nearly the sole topic of conversation. Many people then, as they are today, were perfectly *certain* that —"Germany cannot last out another six months." There were several alarms of submarines and one man was so depressed by the sense of danger that he jumped overboard and was lost.

On our arrival at the mouth of the Mersey, we found ourselves enveloped in a dense fog and were obliged to wait several hours before we could go up to Liverpool. Just behind us, when we at last did berth, was a large ship filled with German prisoners that had arrived that day from the Cameroons. They lined the rail and stared at us curiously, and when two other New York women and I passed near them, one of the younger ones shouted something about "Amerikanerin" and spat viciously in our direction. I saw an English

sailor grab him by the collar and there was trouble for a few minutes.

Arriving at the Carlton Hotel in London, I was informed that I must report as an "alien" at the nearest police station within twenty-four hours. So the next morning I went to Vine Street, and had a pleasant interview with a nice old police sergeant, who said I must let him know the day before I wished to leave London.

As soon as he had given me my papers, I began to inquire about permission to go to France. The French authorities were very strict about allowing civilians to enter the country and the English were nearly as obdurate about letting them out of England. But on appealing to Colonel Walker, at the Home Office, my way was made smooth by a letter from him to the officer in command at the French Consulate-General.

As there had been submarines in the English Channel lately, the boats often did not sail for several days together and when they did go, of course, they were very crowded. Armed with my passports, credentials, letters and a stack of pho-

tographs, I went to the Consulate very early in the day and obtained, with little delay, a French passport, which was warranted to get me *into* France but not to get me *out*. Then back to Vine Street to tell the Man in Blue of my intention to leave.

As a former employee of mine was lying wounded in a Red Cross hospital at Southampton, I applied for an "identity card" to enable me to visit him, but the old sergeant said, "Oh, you won't need that as you are to sail from Southampton. Just report at the police station when you get there and they won't 'urt you."

When I saw poor Mursell, my faithful gardener of happier days, on crutches and heard that he had been wounded in the legs, he seemed to think that I ought to have an explanation. As he is only five feet four inches in height he was, for a time, ineligible for military service, but after a while "Bantam Regiments" were formed and he was among the first to join and was the *tallest* man in his regiment!

"Yes, madam," he said, "I caught a shell-

Bringing in sick civilians at Vrynatchka Banya

Prince George of Serbia, Admiral Troubridge and the author

splinter in my legs. Why a man *six* foot four could have been wounded there." He was quite cheerful and happy, in spite of the pain which he was suffering, to have "done his bit" in the great war.

On my way to dinner in the town, I remembered that my presence at the police station was required, so I went there. The sergeant on duty asked my business.

"I'm an alien and am here without an identity card," I said. "Are you going to arrest me?"

"What for, madam?" he asked.

"Oh, I just thought you might want to," I replied.

"Wouldn't think of such a thing. And I didn't know you was a h'alien, madam." This courteously.

I looked surprised and he laughed and said he remembered often having seen my husband drive with me down the High Street when we lived near Southampton and he 'ad h'always supposed that I was H'english though he knew that Mr. Farnam was a H'american.

At eleven o'clock the following night I went on board the crowded Channel steamer, but we did not leave the dock until six o'clock, broad daylight, and then simply *scooted* across. The crossing was really dangerous and every one of the several hundred passengers kept as sharp a lookout as if he were personally responsible for the safety of the ship. However, we landed at Le Havre unharmed, and after endless formalities were allowed to proceed to Paris. Such a long journey! We seemed to stop at every barn and cottage on the route and arrived at dead of night, as hungry and cross as if *our* troubles and discomforts were all important.

But just as we finished the short examination at the station gates, a train-load of wounded French soldiers came in and the first men were carried past us on their stretchers to the waiting ambulances. We stood ashamed of our peevishness when we saw the glowing eyes shining in the dim light and heard the feeble voices shout "Vive la France."

The men about me took off their hats and

the crossest, most cantankerous woman of us all, who had made the journey even more uncomfortable than need be by her constant grumbling, ran forward weeping and tried to kiss one pathetic lad whose blanket lay hideously flat where his legs should have been.

The streets of Paris were dark and the chauffeurs seemed to drive more recklessly than ever. I was glad to reach my hotel and find a cool, clean bed ready for me.

My first visit was to Dr. Milenko Vesnitch, Serbian Minister to France. We had an hour of discussion on the situation in Serbia and as to what was advisable for the Serbian Relief Committee of America to concentrate on in future. He said that the needs of the population still in Serbia were most piteous and urgent, also that we should form a fund to supply seeds and farming implements to help to restore the people when the war is over. He also suggested that America should take up the hospital and medical work among the Serbian troops as this was sadly needed.

Dr. Vesnitch thought it unnecessary for me to go to Corfu as Miss Helen Losanitch was already on the spot and could report on conditions there and Corsica. But he said I should go to Salonika and talk with Serbs there to get a full idea of what was required. Also, he thought it advisable for me to go to Geneva and see M. Navelle who represents Serbian Relief there.

The French authorities were most kind and gave me the necessary papers to leave Paris without delay. At eight o'clock my train, packed with convalescent soldiers, who would never be able to fight again, on their way to their homes and many pale, emaciated civilians who were seeking health among the Swiss mountains, pulled out for the frontier.

In my compartment there was a young girl, clinging frantically to a tall handsome Serbian officer who, when the train was about to start, placed her, fainting, in my arms and begged me in a broken voice to take care of her. Later I learned that she had been a governess in a well-to-do family in Belgrade and had fled before

the enemy, with her employers. The officer was her fiancé whom she had met again unexpectedly at Corfu, and who had been sent to Paris with important papers, and was thus able to take care of her on her long journey.

The poor girl was very ill as the result of the hardships she had undergone and passed from one fainting fit into another until I was nearly distracted. However, on reaching the Swiss border I found a party of English nurses who said they would take charge of her, as they were remaining there for some days and she was clearly not fit to go on. We sent a telegram to her father who, I heard afterward, came and took her home.

On my arrival in Geneva I went to the American Consulate for information as to what must be done before attempting to enter Italy. The Consul-General told me that it would be necessary for me to see the Italian Minister in Berne, and it would be at least ten days before I would be allowed to go, *if at all*, since instructions re-

garding me must come from Rome. This was a blow.

As soon as M. Navelle's office was open, I went to him. He reported that Dr. Ryan, of the American Red Cross, who was, or lately had been, in Vienna, was hopeful over the condition of the country but we feared, on reading more recent statements of other observers, that possibly the Doctor was unduly optimistic. Since then these fears have been tragically realized.

The reports as to the conditions of the Serbian prisoners in Austrian prison camps were heart-rending and we agreed that aid to these starving men must be rushed at once by the Swiss Committee. As many of the English and French prisoners had so often said they could not have survived had it not been for the parcels of food sent them by their families and friends, we could well imagine the awful needs of these Serbian soldiers with no one to help them, their country being completely at the mercy of a cruel and vindictive enemy and their families destitute and living in abject misery. M. Navelle promised to send a full report

at once to our American Committee so that no time should be lost and money and supplies might be forwarded to such an extent as our funds would allow.

At one o'clock the following morning, in a pouring rain storm, I left for Berne. I arrived at four-thirty and had a few hours' sleep before the Legations opened.

CHAPTER XIV

Eastward Ho!

Our Minister to Switzerland, Mr. Stovall, was very kind but held out no hope that the Italian Minister would let me go into Italy until he had received advices from Rome. However, he gave me a note to the Minister and I took a cab to the Legation. The driver stopped at an iron gate in a high wall and as I entered a great "police" dog came swiftly around the corner of the house but calmed down when I spoke to him. While we were making friends, the Minister appeared in the garden and seemed surprised that the dog was so amiable as he was usually not at all friendly to strangers.

Then I was sent over the Chancellerie, which was next door, and was told to state my business to the Secretary. By the time the Minister came in, about ten minutes later, my passport had

been examined and all my papers were in order. He shook hands and wished me good luck and I asked, "When may I hope to go, Your Excellency?"

"Why you can catch the 12:50 if you make haste," he said, smiling. I fled.

Back to the hotel—ordered my bill as I rushed to the elevator—grabbed my bags, paid my account on my way to a waiting cab, and hopped into the train three minutes before it pulled out!

At Iselle, on the Italian frontier, the examination of travelers was very strict and for some reason I was left to the last. When I went before the examiners, the Chief, a dapper-looking young man, rose and bowed, asked me a few questions, waved my papers aside, stamped my passport "Iselle" and "Entrata" and handed it to me with another smile and bow; I thanked him thinking, "how kind everybody is," and started out.

But the man snapped "Nella camerata" and I was taken into a little room, stripped and searched. When I returned I found a group of men plunging their hands into my dressing bag and suitcase and

turning the contents upside down. Every scrap of paper was scrutinized and discussed and every garment shaken out and held up before this crowd of men. The person who had examined me was the only other woman in the place.

A soldier found a pack of worn playing cards in one of the bags and told me these were forbidden. He said, "I must destroy them." I was so angry by this time, I could hardly contain myself but I said smiling, "Do what you like with them. Give them to your friends, or your children, if you wish." He turned very red and tore them in bits.

Into this heated scene strode the Chief and demanded every paper I had with me. His questions were searching and peculiarly insulting while his manner was that of one who was dealing with a particularly vicious criminal. I handed over my credentials, my notes, card case, letters and even the newspaper I had been reading when I left the train. The latter he threw on the floor and in a very few minutes I saw that he had little or no knowledge of English. An elderly gentle-

man who seemed quite ashamed of the treatment given me, offered to read the various papers, which he did with some difficulty.

Then followed a long and very noisy argument. I gathered the first man had decided the minute he saw me that I was a spy, and his manner made me believe that my ultimate (Latin) destination would be the rock-hewn, undersea dungeons of some noisome Italian jail! His disappointment, when he found there could be no charge made against me, was a positive pleasure for me to witness.

My letters from the Secretary of State and from the American Ambassador in London (written for an earlier journey but equally good on this one) were too much for him. So at last I was allowed to go—after he had flung my papers down so that half of them fell on the floor and I had to pick them up.

Thinking it wise to show how dignified I could be under adverse circumstances, I sailed out with head high, smiling but with a hot, red spot on either cheek, only to be followed

by a roar of laughter. On reaching my compartment I found that the desired effect had been rather dashed by a yard or two of pink ribbon from a forgotten bow that trailed behind me, and had in some way become entangled with a greasy paper bag so that my haughty progress must have resembled that of an indignant kite!

At Milan I found that the train for Rome had been gone an hour, so, lugging my bags which grew heavier and heavier, I went out into the rainy streets, discovered a small but comfortable hotel near the station, and had another all too-short night's rest.

At six-twenty, in a violent downpour, my train left for Rome and there I was lucky in catching the Naples Express. In the dining-car my seat happened to be opposite that of an Italian naval officer who glared at me ferociously all through dinner. When the coffee was served he could bear it no longer and pointing to the large enameled Red Cross, which I always wore when traveling in the war zone, he demanded, "What is that you are wearing, signora?"

Bulgarian dead

Bulgarian trenches near Bröd

When I told him that it was the Royal Order of the Serbian Red Cross, he looked rather flat and said that seeing the two-headed eagle on it he could not think it anything but Hunnish.

At midnight the train crawled into Naples and my bed soon claimed me. In the morning I had developed such a cold that my voice had nearly gone. I asked when the next boat was to leave for Athens and the clerk said at noon that day, but I would have to apply for permission and then wait ten days for advices from Rome. I simply sighed "That's an old story," and sought the American Consul.

Mr. White, the Consul, was most sympathetic but he did not know what he could do except to send his secretary with me to the Prefectura, which he did. Mr. Garguilo first got my passport viseéd by the Greek Consul then took me to the Italian authorities. We found our man in a big dingy room which was packed to suffocation with Greek, Corsican and Sicilian seamen and I suspected that they each and all lived exclusively on garlic.

Mr. Garguilo forced his way to the desk and talked a few minutes. The official looked over at me, stamped my passport, shook hands with Mr. Garguilo and turned again to his seamen. We got in Mr. White's car, which had been waiting, called at the hotel for my bags and went on board the steamer. Just as easy as that!

The boat was an awful tub and the accommodations were most primitive. The cabins were in pairs opening, one on each side, on tiny corridors which ran at intervals from the dining salon. In the cabins were two berths on the inner wall and one under the port hole. That was all. Not a chair or a wash basin or any other thing but just those three extremely uninviting berths. At the end of each corridor was a basin with two tall taps standing so high above it that they splashed all over the place whenever they were turned on. One day a beautiful little eel, about five inches long, came merrily through into my tooth-wash glass.

One could secure a little privacy by locking the door into the dining salon, but there was no

guarantee that one's opposite neighbors would not want to wash and pounce out at inopportune moments. In the morning I managed by rising very early, and during the day I would watch until my neighbors were on deck, then lock the corridor door until I had had a soul-satisfying scrub.

The food was horrible and the service worse. We had terrific storms and there were frequent rumors of submarines—though how anyone could have detected their presence in such rough seas passes my comprehension.

At Patras we got the news of the flight of Mr. Venizelos to Crete and immediately the young Greeks on board were aflame with patriotism.

As has been often told, King Constantine of Greece had been more than suspected of playing a double game with the Allies. His former Prime Minister, Eleutherios Venizelos, great patriot and true friend of the Allies, had protested in vain against the secret pro-Germanism of the King's policy but in vain. The Queen, a sister of the Kaiser, had a most malign influence over her husband and he was as wax in her hands. While

King Constantine was assuring the Allies of his friendly neutrality, he was secretly corresponding with Wilhelm of Germany and assuring him that it was only fear of Allied pressure that restrained him from openly declaring his sympathy with the Central Powers.

Nearly every one of the Greek patriots on our ship left us to go by a vessel just about to leave the harbor, which would arrive in Athens a few hours before we should. They declared their intention of defying the King and aiding Mr. Venizelos in setting up a Government which would insure the integrity of Greece and balk the Pro-German plot of the Court. Many of these young men I afterwards saw in Salonika with the forces of the Provisional Government.

On arrival at Athens, we found the whole town humming with excitement. The guards around the palace were doubled and at all hours of the day and night small groups of cavalry would dash past the hotel or we would hear the shuffle and tramp of hoofs. Squads of French marines were marching through the principal streets

and one night a mob threatened to stone the French Legation. No one was allowed to walk on the Legation side of the street after that.

The first morning I was in Athens a friend said that if I would ask I could have an audience with the Queen, but my cold was so bad that it seemed unwise to do so since I did not wish to court influenza. In the afternoon a similar suggestion was made with regard to an interview with Princess Andrew, sister-in-law of the King, to which I gave the same excuse.

I hoped to see Mr. Venizelos and hear from his own lips the true state of affairs, if I could get to Salonika (I believe that it was well known in the Greek Court that I had no desire to see the Queen before I *did* know the truth). The American Minister, Dr. Garrett-Droppers, assured me that this was impossible as Salonika was a "port of war" and entirely under military control. No person who was not actually engaged in some way in the conduct of the war, was supposed to be allowed to go there and the restrictions were very severe.

However, he offered to introduce me to Sir Francis Elliott, the British Minister.

The interview was very short. Sir Francis seemed in a very nervous state, which was small wonder considering the heavy responsibilities devolving upon him. So after Dr. Droppers had told him my aims and wishes, I spoke up:

"Sir Francis, I know how busy you are and so I will not waste your time. If you can let me go say so, and if you cannot I'll just go away and try to be satisfied." The Minister looked at me sharply a moment.

"We'll see what we can do," he replied.

Calling his secretary, he sent us down stairs to the Bureau des Alliés. Here I filled in the usual application form and produced the perpetually required photographs. Then I was ushered out into the garden where a thick-set, youngish-looking man in a bowler hat, looked into my very soul and asked a few more questions. Then he asked Dr. Droppers something which I did not hear, and turning to me, said, "This passport must be viséed by the French, English, Italian and

American Consuls here. That will take time but when it is done you may go to Salonika."

"I'll start on it now so as to sail tomorrow," I answered. Everybody laughed at my hurry and the official said:

"Well, if you are in such haste, I will attend to it for you. It will probably cost about fifteen francs in Consular fees and I will send the passport around to you, in order, this evening."

I was amazed at his kindness, for everybody was rushed to death in Athens at that time owing to the unsettled state of Greek affairs and the very real danger to the Legation from Anti-Venizelist mobs.

During my short stay in Athens I was much surprised at the very outspoken way in which the Greek situation was discussed by the public. In restaurants, cafés, shops and hotels no one moderated his voice in commending Mr. Venizelos and criticising the King. I heard officers in uniform openly say that if Constantine did not come out plainly on the side of the Allies at once they would join the ex-Premier in Salonika on his

arrival there, which was expected to take place about ten days later.

The hairdresser at the hotel told me gravely that Mr. Venizelos was "divine" and that his every word was "inspired by God." The man was intelligent and fairly well educated and said thousands of Athenians felt and believed as he did. I was much interested as I had heard both foreign residents and Greek officers say this was the popular feeling.

In the evening a messenger arrived with my passports. The next morning I spent at New Phaleron where I inspected the Frothingham Institute, an establishment where Serbian orphans were being cared for by the great generosity of John Frothingham of New York.

These children had been gathered from refugee camps where they were wandering forlorn and in terrible condition, having become separated from their parents. I was told that all had been in an extremely bad state when taken in charge by the institute. Then they were starved and ill,

suffering from skin diseases, frost bites and various injuries.

But when I saw them they were well and looked happy, though on many of the little faces there were the ineffaceable traces of the suffering they had undergone. They filed before me, shaking hands solemnly, and saying in English, "How do you do." I had come prepared with a large box of sugared almonds, one of which I popped into each little mouth to the surprise and joy of the recipients.

Then the boys and girls stood in a group and sang the Serbian National Anthem and "Yankee Doodle came to town, riding *in* a ponee." Even the tiniest tot put up his little head, opened his wee mouth wide and sang out lustily.

While I was talking to the children one was referred to as "Our bad boy." The boy evidently understood what was said for he hung his head and looked very sheepish. Then they told me that one of his exploits within the past twenty-four hours had been to climb a telegraph pole in front of the institute and encourage

the little boys to do the same until the poles from end to end of the road were draped with cheering Serbian orphans. And another of his pranks was to turn the tap of the big water reservoir to see the water splash and run away down the dusty garden. As all the water had to be brought by hand, this was quite a serious piece of mischief. However, I looked at him and said:

"I like bad boys for I believe that if a child knows he is bad he generally tries very hard to be good, and, if he tries hard enough he generally succeeds in laying the foundation of a good character and becomes a fine man—so I *do* like bad boys." This seemed a surprising point of view and all the children said they would *try* to be good! When I went away the children all stood on the steps and cheered lustily, "Hurrah for America."

At noon, Miss Simmonds, an American Red Cross nurse who has done wonderful work for the Serbians, joined me on board one of the small steamers and after many formalities we sailed.

There were three separate alarms of submarines

the first day out. At every port we touched there were Venizelist demonstrations by the five hundred or more volunteers who sailed with us. At Volo feeling between our fellow-passengers and the townspeople ran high and shouts of "Zito, Venizelos" by those on board and the yells of opprobrium from the shore were deafening.

On deck the people were packed like sardines both day and night because few of the men took berths owing to the warm weather. My canvas deck-chair reeked with garlic after the first night, so I knew that some would-be warrior had slept in it. Miss Simmonds and I had been lucky enough to get a tiny cabin to ourselves,—so tiny that we had to dress in our bunks much as one does in a sleeping car. The food was very good and the boat scrupulously clean, which was explained by the fact that the owners are Scotch. These boats, and those of the Italian line by which I returned, were very enjoyable exceptions to the usual run of boats out there. The Greek vessels are simply abominable in every detail, of food, service and accommodation.

Miss Simmonds (or "Emmy Lou" as she was called by her intimates), Mr. Herbert Corey, the war correspondent, and Mr. Petchar, a Serbian Government official who had been charged to look after me by Mr. Balougditch, Serbian Minister to Greece, and I formed the party of four which generally managed to occupy the whole platform, and here we argued and gossiped and settled the Affairs of Nations to our heart's content.

Approaching Salonika, we had to wait some time for the examining officials to come on board and were much interested in watching life on a cruiser which lay close by. It was near sunset and the fishing boats were coming in. They were a lovely sight with their patched sails shining like gold in the orange glow from the West and their hulls painted rosy pink, vivid green or deep maroon. Before us lay the curving line of buoys marking the guarded entrance to the harbor, and, rising across the bay, Eternal Olympus watching over all.

At the last moment we were allowed to enter—the entrance is closed at sunset—and I saw a

Emily Louisa Simmons

Crown Prince's Headquarters near Bröd

different harbor from the one of a year earlier. It was now filled with war vessels, great battleships, cruisers, destroyers; tiny launches darted in and out; bugle calls floated over the water and the circling aeroplanes came slowly down the sky. A huge hydro-aeroplane swooped down to the surface of the bay like a monstrous dragon-fly, while, stately and beautiful in their pure white paint with the green band around their hulls and the great red cross painted on each side, lay the splendid ships, with their loads of sick and wounded men—the Hospital Ships. Two or three of these cleared daily for Malta, or France, or England, so great was the burden of sickness and wounds laid upon the "Armies of the Orient." Some of these vessels were attacked by submarines and, as we know, in several instances the Hun satisfied his blood-lust with the lives of these broken and suffering men and the nurses and doctors who tended them.

CHAPTER XV

Salonika

The harbor of Salonika when I arrived from Athens was crowded with Allied troops and all the paraphernalia of war.

A new Custom House and large, clean warehouses had been built since my last visit and ships were unloading stores, provisions, munitions, guns, ambulances, troops, hospital units and kicking mules in a seemingly inextricable jam. Mountains of baled hay were neatly stacked near the shore-end of the docks and bags of oats were piled up beside them. Lumber and mysterious cases filled another enormous space while winding in and out among the press came columns of troops looking fit for any work—or play!

The whole town was aflutter with the Allied flags now settling slowly down as night fell. My old room at the Olympos Palace was ready and

friends came to call as a preceding boat had brought word that I *hoped* to come.

The town was clamorous with troops of a dozen nationalities and every shade of color—English, French, Russians, Italians, Serbians, Annamese, Senegalese, Congolese, and American war correspondents bravely clad in tweed or khaki. There were nurses in white and blue and gray, doctors, surgeons and orderlies; Greeks, Jews, Serbians and Macedonian refugees. Every known language seemed to be spoken and every tint of the rainbow worn. It was like a tapestry of color woven on a background of khaki and hung against the white walls of the old Thessalonian city.

I have been told that "women who ask questions" were particularly unwelcome to the authorities, so I set about my business very silently. The only questions I ever asked were absolutely concerned with my own work and I soon found plenty of that to occupy me.

First there were the American and Serbian Consuls to be seen. Mr. Kehl, the American Consul, was far from cordial when I first saw him,

and after a short conversation I could not blame him.

It appeared that various relief organizations in America, our own among them, had been sending goods out to Salonika "in care of the American Consul" with a calm request that these large boxes and bales should be forwarded to Nish or Monastir, or be distributed among the camps there in Salonika, but omitting to send funds for the freight or portage.

This, therefore, had to be paid out of the Consul's own pocket, as the associations had no representatives on the spot to whom he could apply, and naturally the Consul felt the imposition. It was, of course, merely lack of thought on the part of those who had sent the goods, but when I promised to see that the matter should be corrected Mr. Kehl, who is only too glad to help in the good work, forgave us all and both he and Mrs. Kehl were very kind to me during my stay in Salonika. Then, accompanied by Miss Simmonds, I began the round of the hospitals and camps.

There were many pitiful sights and many more heart-breaking stories, but, on the whole, the poor refugees were comfortably housed in tents and wooden barracks and a school had been started for the children. Many of these had lost their parents or, in some cases, the parents were so dazed with the misery they had endured that the little ones were almost as badly off as if they were actually orphaned. Miss Simmonds was to take some of these children back to New Phaleron to be cared for by the Frothingham Institute.

In the tent wards of the Scottish Women's Hospitals I saw many Serbian soldiers and among them three old friends, soldiers who had been in Madam Grouitch's hospital in Belgrade three years before. They remembered me and called out feebly "Sestro, Vinchestare!" They had not forgotten that I had told them I had lived in Winchester and that the people there would send aid to the sick and suffering of Serbia.

In several other hospitals the Serbians were being cared for by the English and French and one day in the Place Liberté, I came face to face with

that splendid woman, Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton. She had been warmly welcomed at Salonika and was invited to work with the French surgeons among the Serbian wounded.

My work in Salonika was to inspect the condition of the refugees in the camps and hospitals; to find out just what form of effort on the part of my Committee in America would be most acceptable; to straighten out the questions of the forwarding of freight to different points by the kindness of the American Consuls and of funds for such forwarding, porterage, etc.; these last not the least important items since we were sending large quantities of foodstuffs and clothing as well as medical supplies. This took time for everybody was so busy that I often had to go several times to get a ten-minute interview with some man who really had not ten *seconds* to spare.

But I had not taken this long, dangerous and fearfully expensive trip to be balked by volumes of detail. So I inspected, investigated, questioned and worried everybody and everything that concerned Serbian Relief until my note-book was full

and every vexed point had been covered and thoroughly cleared up.

When I started back to face my Committee, if there was anything that I did not know about refugees or hospitals for Serbians or general relief in refugee camps, that thing was not worth discussing! My work was done.

Miss Simmonds, Mr. Corey and I used to desert the hotels and dine at the "Restaurant of the White Tower," where the food was excellent and the service passable. Here we would often invite one or two of the youthful British officers to join us for coffee and it was really touching to see how glad these lonely, home-sick boys were to talk with people of their "own kind." The nurses and doctors are, as a rule, too busy to talk to them unless they are ill and, though there was a large amount of feminine society to be found in the restaurants and concert halls, it was of a particularly undesirable type. On my return to England, I carried many messages to the parents of these young men and they were most appreciative of such "uncen-

sored" news as I could give. I do not mean that I carried forbidden letters but oral messages which, brought by one who had talked recently with their dear sons, were very precious.

CHAPTER XVI

Off to The Front

After I had completed my work in Serbia and was preparing to depart for England and America to continue the solicitation of funds for the Serbian cause, I was invited to call on Colonel Dr. Sondermayer, head of the Military Medical Service of the Serbian Army. In spite of his Teutonic sounding name the Colonel is a true and patriotic Serb, but he speaks only Serbian and German. During my visit at his office, he happened to mention that he was going up to Ostrovo on the following day.

At this I started forward and said, "I'd give a year of my life for such an opportunity."

My work in Serbia prior to this time had been confined to hospital and administration work, both in the Bulgarian War and during the typhus epidemic at the beginning of the European War.

And at this time I was about to return to the United States to continue the War Relief work on the lecture platform, which I had started the year before.

I had been at the front before in former years, and I had seen the war in all its severity but things had now changed. Serbia was for the moment not at bay. With the Allied aid she was actually driving the enemy back, back over the tortured country. Here was the chance to see Serbia regenerated, doggedly contesting every inch of the advance to her capital at Belgrade.

So when Colonel Sondermayer said he would take me with him on his next trip, I was quite unable to eat or sleep for excitement. It wasn't morbid curiosity. Heaven knows I had seen enough that was morbid in the three previous years. I wanted to see the Allied soldiers winning—driving back the enemy—victorious.

It was not until five days later, however, that Colonel Sondermayer dashed into the hotel with the demand "Can you be ready in half an hour?"

"Of course," I replied. In ten minutes Miss

Simmonds had lent me a soldier's cap and other military paraphernalia. A Red Cross brassard was pinned on my arm and with a tooth brush, soap and not much else in a knitting bag, I was ready to go to the Front.

This was the inauspicious and particularly unimpressive way in which I started on my career as a soldier.

The town was jammed with people, as Mr. Venizelos was to arrive that day. The streets and houses were decorated with flags and wreaths of flowers; brilliant draperies flaunted from the windows and all wheel-traffic in the main streets was halted. We crept out of town through the narrowest back streets one ever imagined. Every soul in Macedonia seemed to be coming into town and it is little exaggeration to say that we were the only ones going *out*.

Our rattling Ford seemed to eat up the miles as we flashed past the English and French camps and over the level plains, with now and then a stone hut or a ruined cottage, an occasional shepherd or goat-herd with their flocks and now and

again a dead horse with a pack of wild dogs tearing and fighting over his thin carcass. There were little groups of gaunt unhappy-looking peasants squatting by the roadside or wearily plodding on toward the city. Some were Greeks, some were Macedonians, but many were obviously Serbians.

Just at sunset we came to a long ridge of low hills and on their slopes, blending with the earth and rocks in such a way as to be nearly invisible from a little distance, were the tents of the Serbian Escadrille. Colonel Sondermayer's son was stationed here. We stopped just long enough to wish him good-luck and went on our way.

Around the turn of the ridge we glimpsed a great tent hospital capable of holding a thousand men. Above it pegged, out on the slope and visible to aeroplanes for miles, was an enormous white expanse of canvas with a huge red cross in the middle. This hospital has been bombed by enemy airmen several times and a number of patients and others have been killed. Kultur is practised on the Eastern front as well as in France!

Colonel Doctor Sondermayer

"The White Tower," Salonica

The moon came up and we started climbing. Trees and bushes began to stand out sharply in the silvery light and the sound of water rushing down the rocky crevices by the roadside told us that we were approaching Vodena, ("The Waters") a hill-town of great antiquity. The wall of rock rose higher on our right and on the left we could now see the flash of a waterfall. Suddenly a turn in the road plunged us into a street—but such a street!

It was narrow and paved with rough stones over which we bounced and swayed perilously. On either side were low, open shops like those in any Eastern bazaar, trees often growing up through the overhanging eaves, the sides and counter hung and piled with bright-hued wares. For some reason there was a great quantity of vivid red cotton goods everywhere displayed, though I never saw any of it in use,—except as forming the great red crosses invariably pegged out on the ground near tent hospitals. Frequently in the middle of the street, which widened to allow traffic to pass,

were great trees and an occasional public fountain with a rude drinking-trough for the animals.

Coming out into a broader street, we saw before us a dimly-lighted white building much more pretentious than any we had seen since leaving Salonika and here we got out of the car (to the great relief of our stiffened limbs) and entered a large room with a few tables scattered about and a long counter, or bar, at one side. There were several Serbian officers and a few civilians drinking coffee and talking excitedly and they told us that an enemy airplane had been detected approaching the town about an hour before, but it had veered away to the east without doing any damage. Everyone was wondering if it would return. A supper of coarse bread, rather "musty" fried eggs and beer was placed before us and we had, of course, the inevitable coffee, hot and syrupy as it is always served in the Balkans.

Then a grimy man, who seemed to be the proprietor, showed me up to a small room containing two beds of particularly uninviting aspect, a washstand with a very small jug and basin, no

water, and a rickety chest of drawers with a mirror over it which distorted one's face into a most hideous grimace. On my demand for water, the man brought me a tin mug full (perhaps a quart), and a towel as thin as paper about eighteen inches square and with a very large hole in the middle of it!

With these facilities having somewhat removed the stains of travel, I prepared to retire.

At the earliest peep of day I was outside the hotel and glad to be there. Going around the corner where the Colonel's window was, I whistled and in a moment there was a head out of every window except his. Just at that minute he appeared around the corner and seeing me he clapped his hand to his head and exclaimed, "Heavens, what a night!" and I gathered that he, too, had had his troubles.

As I absolutely refused to enter the place again we got the car and went up to the railroad station where some Serbian military map-makers had a camp; here we were most cordially received and had breakfast. Seated on soap-boxes we were served

with bread, Scotch short-bread, goat's cheese and copiously-sweetened tea served in glasses.

It was all done so kindly and with such exquisite courtesy that the odd fare seemed to be the best one could possibly have and I shall long remember that hour spent at the camp at Vodena station while the sun cast a rosy glow on the distant mountains, and birds began to sing just as if there was no such thing as sorrow or mortal agony, nor half our world bathed in blood.

CHAPTER XVII

"The American Unit"

After breakfast Colonel Sondermayer had to inspect a train-load of sick and wounded men who were on their way down to Salonika from the front. I went with him. Two Serbian ladies were distributing cigarettes and chocolate to the men who packed the train. The sick men sat on the seats with the worst cases lying across their knees or on the floor.

They were a pitiful sight. Even the longed-for cigarettes could not bring a smile—just a languid half salute and a murmured "Fala." There was a constant stream of fever-stricken men being sent down at that time, though the Serbians stood the climate infinitely better than the French and English.

Just before the sun rose we packed ourselves into the Ford and started for Ostrovo. Passing

again through the town, we stopped at a tobacco shop and bought out the stock of cigarettes, as we had heard that the wounded near the Front had been three days without them.

All the little shops were open and peasants were coming in with ox-wagons filled with straw and vegetables. An officer on horseback dashed up to the car, asked a question or two, saluted and galloped away. Sentries stepped forward, saw the uniform and red crosses, saluted and stepped back into their doorways. Rattling, bumping and skidding, we crept out of town and began our descent from Vodena.

The dust was deep and came up in clouds while the air before us was dim with it. A French soldier, in the gray-blue uniform, and with his steel helmet painted the same shade, sat panting by the roadside and ten yards further on we passed two more. Then rounding a rocky corner we came upon the rear guard of a column of French and Senegalese troops on their way to the Front.

We had to enter at the rear of this column and work our way carefully through. It was exceed-

ingly dangerous, both for us and for the soldiers, since the dust made it impossible to see anything more than ten feet ahead. We would crawl through the masses of men and dash past a huge "camion," only to pull up with a jerk to avoid an officer on a sweating, plunging horse, or a mule laden with bulging mysterious burdens closely covered with canvas and roped to the high pack-saddle.

The Colonel was nearly strangled by the dust. He kept his handkerchief over mouth and nose, only removing it to shout to the men to make way. As he knew they would not understand Serbian he fell into the common error of thinking that his only foreign language would be more intelligible so used German!

Of course, the French soldiers, seeing our uniforms and brassards, and the red cross on the car, knew that we were all right, but the big Senegalese, hearing the "hated language," brought their rifles forward with a threatening gesture which made it necessary for me hastily to lean out and, in my very best French, beg them to please make way for "M. le Docteur *Serb*."

These Senegalese were fine fellows and in their horizon-blue French uniform, with the "soup basin" steel helmet, were very formidable in appearance. They were a cheerful lot, joking and singing, in spite of the heat and dust which made their brown faces look like wet chocolate and their eyelashes and woolly hair resemble jute.

Their white teeth and eyeballs gleaming, they roared and rollicked along. I saw one jet-black, bullet-headed youth sitting by the roadside addressing a merry ditty to his big, blistered black foot while two others, roaring with laughter, prepared to soap the inside of his boot. The Frenchmen appeared full of nervous energy, though they did not sing or laugh. Often they saluted our cross and once or twice they gave us a hearty cheer, crying "Vive la Serbia," as we passed.

At last we gained the head of the column and here a fine-looking French officer rode beside us for a time, asking questions. *Everybody* seemed to have the question habit except me! At last he left

us with many good wishes and compliments on both sides. The country was now very beautiful and fine military roads were in process of being made. We often turned off on to the level turf to avoid a long stretch of newly-dumped road material, or places where the road bed had been excavated in preparation for it.

On our left were the long slopes of rolling hills and on the right a calm river with willows overhanging the water whence occasionally a few wild ducks, or a big blue heron would rise and fly away as we dashed by. If I often refer to our mode of progress as "dashing" it is because that exactly describes it. We would "dash" along at a good speed, hit a rock or a big hole, slow down a minute to make sure that our engine was still in its place, then "dash" on until we struck another obstacle!

After a couple of hours' ride, we halted before a gap in the low hills, which now lay on our right, and between them I saw a lovely sight. Imagine a group of white tents, with neat walks bordered by stones running before and between them, and

in a large open space great trees spreading their branches over an altar before another, much larger tent; among them busy women in gray, or white, or khaki. Small ambulances stood in front of a white tent in the immediate foreground and nearby gossiped a little group of men who, I found, were convalescent Serbian soldiers acting as stretcher-bearers.

This was the American Unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals which had been established in Corsica with money raised by Miss Burke and myself in America in the spring. It had been removed from Corsica and set up at Ostrovo when the Serbian troops pushed northward and into their own country again.

The doctors, surgeons, nurses and ambulance drivers were all women and these latter were often young girls who had been brought up in the utmost luxury. But here they were, in khaki skirt, flannel shirt, heavy boots and with hair "bobbed" to save the trouble of dressing it, driving their cars up to the dressing station or to the railway, in sun, wind, or rain, by day or night, hopping

down to do their own repairs or to "doctor" a balky engine. And all these devoted women had only one word of complaint—that they were not allowed to establish themselves nearer the firing line.

Their head was Dr. Bennett, a most efficient and capable person, a strict disciplinarian and possessing a particularly "British" personality. She came, I believe, from New Zealand, and the conduct of her hospital proved the highly executive ability of a voting woman! If American women only prove themselves as able in this war as the British women have done, the American men will have to look to their laurels at the polls or all the offices will soon be held by the newly-made "citizens."

I was shown through the immaculate wards of the hospital and distributed the cigarettes which we had bought at Vodena. It was touching to see how eagerly the men watched our approach. In many cases it was necessary for me to put the cigarette into the wounded man's mouth and light it for him. Then a box would be left be-

tween each two men to be shared by them. As we looked back from the door of each tent a feeble cheer of "Givela Amerika" followed us. At the entrance of one tent lay a dying man who, when he saw my basket, gasped, "Sestro, cigarette." I put one in his mouth, lighted it; he drew a deep breath and died the happier because he had tobacco.

In another ward lay a young man not of the Serbian type. As I paused to put the cigarette into his mouth the nurse said, "He is a Bulgarian officer who was taken prisoner last night." The man, hearing the word, "Bulgarian," shrank from me and a look of defiance came into his eyes. But to any woman who has nursed wounded men, *any* injured man is only a poor boy, so I laid my hand on his forehead and smoothed back his hair. The tears came into his eyes and rolled down his pale cheeks. Then with his left hand he raised the coverlet and showed me the stump of his right arm. The nurse said that his right leg, too, was so mangled that they did not know whether they could save it.

Major Doctor Gelibert at Salonika and Surgeons of Scottish Woman's Hospital

Wounded being brought in on mule-back

Later in the day, the Prince-Regent, Alexander, made a tour of inspection through the hospital and when he came to this bed he asked the man if he was well treated there:

"Yes, Prince," said the Bulgar.

"Did you think you would receive kindness at our hands?" asked Prince Alexander:

"No, Prince," was the reply.

"Why not?" No answer.

"Is it because you treat our wounded and prisoners so cruelly?" demanded the Prince. The man's face turned slowly crimson as he replied in a low voice, "Yes, Prince."

A Mass was held under the trees for the souls of the men who had died in that hospital. Prince Alexander, Prince George, Admiral Troubridge and a number of other distinguished officers, Serbian, French and English were present. The medical staff of the hospital stood facing the Royal party, at right angles to the nurses and visitors. The tents made a background for the altar and the gorgeously vestmented priest, and a convalescent Serbian soldier served as acolyte.

It was an unforgettable scene, this little nook between the hills only visible from the road directly before it or from the sky overhead, in which lay pain and sacrifice, death and life, fearless men and devoted women. Over us the red cross and the blue sky, in the soft air the smell of incense and solemn murmured words of prayer.

It was the first time Prince Alexander had visited this hospital and a luncheon had been prepared. The mess tent was decorated with flags in his honor and long white tables were placed along the sides. The Prince-Regent sat at the middle one with Dr. Bennett on his right and myself on his left. Beyond Dr. Bennett was Prince George and at my left sat Admiral Troubridge, a handsome white-haired Englishman who had distinguished himself by suddenly appearing by some mysterious route, on the Danube early in the war with a British gun boat, and who is now attached to Prince Alexander's Staff. Opposite was General Vassitch, Chief of Staff and Colonel Dr. Sondermayer.

The Prince was most interested in hearing of

my work in America and asked many questions as to America's attitude toward the war and especially toward Serbia. He urged me to tell my friends in America how deeply he appreciated what America had done, and was doing, for his suffering people and said he wished to see me in Salonika before I returned home that we might have a further talk.

"But, Madame, you must have seen many hospitals," he added. "If you want to see real war and conditions out here, why do you not go up nearer to the front?"

"Your Highness, I would like to go as far as possible," I replied. He spoke across the table to General Vassitch, who saluted, then turned to me.

"How far do you want to go?" he asked.

"Just as far as you will allow me," was my quick answer. They all laughed and Colonel Sondermayer got his instructions, which were to take me up to Old Vrbéni, the headquarters of Voivode Mishitch, Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army.

So my wildest hopes were realized. I was to see the battle front!

CHAPTER XVIII

Approaching the Battle Line

At this time the Serbians, French and English had succeeded in driving the enemy back as far as a place called Bröd on a very recent offensive. Here both sides had "dug in." The Serbian lines were just outside Bröd, while the enemy lines ran through the streets of this Serbian town. Thither we directed our course the day following my official permission.

The afternoon of my last day at the hospital was spent in climbing the hills around the hospital whence we could get glimpses of the town of Ostrovo and of the road leading away to the Front. Occasionally an ambulance would crawl out of the far hills and come down the winding road to the hospital. Now and again an aeroplane would float into view and circle about, reflected in the glassy mirror of the

Lake of Ostrovo—and then suddenly dart away in the direction of Florina.

That evening Dr. Bennett, Colonel Sondermayer and I dined with General Vassitch in an upper room of a stone house in the ruined and almost deserted village nearby. The entrance was through a gap in a rough wall, then through a cobbled courtyard which had once evidently been a cow-byre, and up a flight of dangerously uneven stone steps. The room was roughly plastered but dazzlingly bright with fresh whitewash and around the rude table, which stretched from end to end of the place, were a most splendid lot of keen-eyed, bronzed, broad-shouldered Serbian officers.

The General sat at the head of the table. He was studying English and improved his opportunity by practicing it on us. He was reading Dickens, he told us, and he was most enthusiastic over it. Nearly all these officers spoke either French or German and conversation was as general as the long table would permit. Toasts were drunk in the light native wines, songs were sung

and old campaigns fought over. It was a most exhilarating evening and I at last left the hospitable gathering and went out into the brilliant October night feeling that "Life is full of a number of things" and that it was given to me to share most fully in it.

I slept at the hospital that night, and having been assigned to the tent of an absent member of the Unit, I was soon in bed—but, alas, I could not sleep.

A camp cot is a length of canvas on a frame, and if you know how to manage you *can* sleep on it with great comfort, but I did not have the necessary knowledge. There were plenty of warm covers that had been placed on the cot by kindly hands, but I felt nearly frozen. It was a very cold night and my coat and dress and a mackintosh which was in the tent were all piled on top of me by morning—and still I shivered. No one had thought to tell me—and I did not discover until too late to profit by it—that one must put something warm under one in a camp bed, else there is nothing between one and the chilly

air but a sheet and one thickness of cold, hard canvas.

This was the second night of wakefulness, but dawn found me eager and ready for another long day of adventurous effort. After a hasty breakfast we bade the splendid women of the hospital good-by and started again toward the sound of the guns.

Along the shores of the beautiful lake, with its tiny islands bathed in the rosy light of just-before-sunrise, through a valley of deep clogging sand and then a long ascent into the rocky hills over which our gallant Ford struggled and coughed and rattled and tugged. Sometimes we would have to wait, turned sidewise on some almost precipitous slope while the engine gathered itself together for some supreme effort to get us to the top. Once there, we slid and bounded and almost tumbled down over big stones and holes, only to begin another toilsome climb worse than the last.

We overtook and passed the French troops of our yesterday's meeting, but now they were seated

by the roadside, having their morning meal, and they waved their steel helmets and cheered as we joggled by.

At the edge of a level plain the road branched away to the left to the French base at Florina, but we kept to the right until the road curved into a little ruined village—Old Vrbéni. From the moment we took the road at the fork the flat country had shown signs of the heavy fighting which had so recently taken place over all this territory.

Everywhere were rolls of cruel barbed-wire, neatly stacked shell cases and the baskets in which they are handled, broken rifles, scraps of metal and all the various debris of battle. The earth looked like rudely plowed land, so pitted and torn with shell holes was it, and everywhere were the rude earthworks which had been thrown up by Serb and Bulgar. Sometimes these were a long line of mud embankments behind which many men could shelter; but more often the earth was scooped out in a tiny nest like a hare's "form." Some of these faced North and some

South. There were many into which the earth had been roughly shoveled back and we knew that these held Bulgarian dead.

The Serbians were buried in plots of ground carefully marked off by rows of field stones; over the graves were small wooden crosses, new and shining—yellow like gold. When we passed one of these, my companions crossed themselves and I think we all offered up a silent prayer for brave men living who are fighting for all that is true and just on earth, for liberty and for peace; and for brave men dead, who had fallen for these glorious ideals.

Our car was turned through a gap in the hedge and we rolled into a level field. Before us we saw a tent into which stretchers holding motionless forms were being carried. This was the dressing station nearest to the Serbian line. Within the tent soldiers with their wounds dressed lay upon the bare ground, at best with only a handful of straw under them and still in their ragged and soiled uniforms.

There were no ambulances up there and the

wounded were brought in from the battlefield on stretchers carried by two men. We saw also a curious contrivance of two large wheels with a sort of stretcher hung from the axles. This could be managed by one man, though as it jolted over the stony ground the wounded man would groan in agony. Every time a man would cry out Colonel Sondermayer would flinch and his eyes grow dark with pain. When he spoke to or examined men in the tents he was like a tender father. The soldiers adored him.

After half an hour we went on to an inn on the other side of the village, and here I was presented to the Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army, Voivode Mishitch. Not tall, rather lightly built, this wonderful soldier does not impress a stranger with a sense of power until one meets the full, direct look of his eyes. Then one sees that here is a *man*. Calm, impersonal, his look bores into one's inmost being, and I should not care to see him angry—*with me* at any rate.

He was much interested in hearing of my work and asked if I wanted to go yet nearer to the

Voivode Mishitch, Prof. Reiss and Lieut. Proskowetz

Richard Wainwright *Lieutenant Proskovetz* *Emily Louisa Simmons*

Serbian Field Hospital Camp at Verbeni

battle line. To my emphatic affirmative he said, "We will see what can be done," and after we had had coffee, Major Todorovitch, his aide-de-camp, was sent for, given his instructions, and we bade the Voivode "au revoir," climbed into our faithful car and started again toward the roaring guns.

Just outside the village stood a group of captive Bulgarian officers, whose guards saluted us, grinning with triumph as we passed. About a mile further on we saw eight hundred or more Bulgarian prisoners in their earth-brown uniforms standing in groups by the roadside or bathing their feet in the ditch. The Serbian guards were sharing their scanty store of tobacco with these men and, remembering the horrors of the Bulgarians' treatment of Serbian prisoners and wounded upon the battle-field, I could only wonder at their charity.

In the almost demolished villages we saw ragged, haggard women winnowing corn, tossing it in the air with weary gestures, while near them sat the pale, emaciated children who had forgotten how to romp and play,—whose only thought now

seemed to be "when shall we get something to eat?" I picked up a little child and tried to fondle her, but she shrank away and began to wail in a feeble, frightened way and I had to turn her over to her mother for comfort. Further along the road a little girl lying on the low bank smiled at me, but her yellow skin drawn over the sharp bones told a tragic story. I stopped the car and went back to see if I could do anything, but when I spoke to her she did not answer. I took her in my arms but she was already dead. "What was the trouble?" I asked.

"She was my child. She had great hunger," the mother replied simply. I gave the mother some cakes of chocolate, which was all I had with me, and some money, but the low voiced "Fala" of these wretched people was so hopeless that the tears ran down my face and I felt that my heart would break.

Now the road was over rough undulations of ground, brown and sterile in appearance and with low mountains rising before me. Suddenly Major Todorovitch turning, cried, "Look!"—and far up

in the blue sky I saw a flash of silver as the sun glinted on a wire or a wing. Behind it in the clear air grew suddenly three tiny, fleecy puffs of cloud—then three more—and three more. The plane must have been "burning the wind," as it was not visible to us for more than five minutes altogether, and we had seen it as soon as it lifted over the mountains before us. It was a Serbian machine and the lovely, soft cloudlets were the deadly, exploding shrapnel with which the enemy batteries were pursuing it.

Down the hillside came a string of mules, each laden with a sort of pack-saddle holding two rude chair-shaped structures and in one of these on either side sat a wounded man. Other wounded men began to meet us, some with roughly bound-up heads and with streaks of dried blood on their faces; some with arms in improvised slings and one boy who limped by with a bandage around one leg and blood dripping from it to the dust.

Where two stones, rudely set in the earth, marked a boundary, Major Todorovitch saluted.

"Madame," he said, "I have the honor to in-

form you that you are the first woman of any nationality to enter reconquered Serbian territory." All this time the thunder of guns had been growing louder and louder and at last we halted on a little plateau on which were a number of small tents and a line of fine cavalry chargers. Half a dozen officers, French and Serbian, came out to meet us and were surprised to see a woman —and above all, a *foreign* woman,—there.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XIX

The Battle

When we came in sight of the front line trenches, the officers pointed out a hill on No-Man's-Land, situated between the opposing lines. This hill had been selected as the Serbian Headquarters' Observation Post for the coming battle. I call it a hill, but it was really a small mountain, and the guns from both sides were considerably elevated to send their shells over it into the opposing lines.

I cannot say it was the safest place in the world to visit because a shell now and then does fall short. But this hill was "as far as possible," where I had wanted to go—and I went.

I was actually "over the top," though not just as one who has not been there imagines it. But there I was between the enemy and our own front line trenches, with shot and shell screaming over

my head, with men dying just below and behind me, and only chance and a four-foot-high rock between me and death.

There were no barbed-wire entanglements erected before the trenches; in fact, they had only been recently occupied and the line consolidated. Cavalry had taken part in the war on the French Front lately only in the Cambrai attack, but in the Eastern Front cavalry was quite commonly used in conjunction with the artillery at all times.

At this time it was the intention of our party to go across a sheltered section of No-Man's-Land and up that steep hill on horses—but unfortunately I was not dressed for riding war-horses, so we all made the trip on foot. I don't know whether there is more glory in getting killed going "over the top" on horseback than on one's own feet—but we left the horses behind.

The officers were obliged to toil up in riding boots with spurs and with the stiff, high collar of the trim Serbian uniform closely hooked up to their chins. Up the steep, rocky mountain side Major Todorovitch was most gallant, trying to

help me over the roughest places, but as the path was exceedingly narrow, I soon found it easier for both when we walked in single file.

The sun poured down upon us and a sultry Indian Summer haze spread over the valley below us. In the tiny village of Bec far down on our left the enemy shells were falling and the thunder of hidden guns near us was almost deafening. Some one handed me a big wad of cotton wool with which I stuffed my ears—just in time, for we suddenly rounded a corner and came upon a group of great guns in full action. They were shooting, with a high trajectory, over the crest of the mountain and their shells were falling in the village of Bröd, just opposite.

We were not yet at our destination, however, and after another fifteen minutes of strenuous climbing on the twisted path, we scrambled over a final stretch of slippery turf and found ourselves surrounded by a group of officers who had arrived there shortly before we did, and were sheltered under a great rock on the summit. Colonel Milovanovitch, commanding the Morava Division,

Colonel Vemitch, commanding the First Cavalry Regiment, and a number of others were just about to take lunch and I was at once given a place at the table.

It was a curious experience. The thunder of the group of guns near us had now ceased, but the battle still raged on the plain below. After we were a little rested and refreshed, Colonel Milovanovitch said, "Would you like to see what is going on?"

"Yes," I replied, "let me see all there is to be seen."

The Commander of the Serbians said, "Will you go further into Serbia than we have yet been, Madame?" And I, wondering, said "Yes." "Give me your hands," he said, "and lean out." So, bending out over the valley from the brow of the precipice, I went, by the length of my own body, further into Beautiful Serbia than the soldiers had gone.

From the beginning of the war we have been told that *this* war is not spectacular: that the soldiers sit in their trenches and see nothing but

the barbed wire in "No-Man's-Land" and an occasional bursting shell, or have to dodge a shower of "whiz-bangs" from an invisible enemy when the opposing trenches are not too far away. Interspersed with this not-too-exciting mode of warfare are the terrific artillery duels, the rolling clouds of poison gas, the fiendish jets of liquid fire and then, mercifully, "over the top," and vengeance wreaked upon the enemy with the cold steel. Therefore, when we approached the line of battle, I did not in the least know which phase I would see—I *hoped* to see it all!

Under shelter of the rock they led me to the brink of a precipice and here I was able to stand between two great out-cropping leaves of stone, while I gazed at a battlefield spread in relief below. Level with the face of the precipice, and of course far below my eyrie, were the Serbian trenches with the big guns some distance behind them and the village, of which mention already has been made, some distance away on their left.

Every now and then a Bulgarian shell would fall among the little red-tiled houses and a cloud

of dust and whirling leaves would rise, circle about and slowly settle. Once a riderless horse galloped out and then a stretcher was carried slowly away toward the dressing station—then another and another. From the mountains still further to the left, which run like a great spine from Florina to Monastir and sweep round beyond in a rocky curve, came the great shells from the French guns and the white and dun clouds of vapor from the explosions formed constantly drifting veils over the tortured valley.

On our right the Czerna River emerged from the mountains and flowed gently away into the hills again, and just in the elbow of the stream—the famous Czerna Bend—lay the village of Bröd. In it Bulgarians swarmed, while their artillery roared spitefully just behind a low, rounded hill near the town. With the binoculars I could make out the earth-brown figures of the soldiers and the line of a trench. Before us in the distance, like a cluster of pearls against the dark mountains, lay Monastir, nine miles and in the milling progress of the Allies, five weeks away!

The view from the Observation Post was more thrilling than anything I had anticipated. First of all there were few clouds of smoke to obscure our view and we were high enough above the battlefield to see all of it at once. Even the Bulgarian trenches across the river lay open to our view, and with the glasses I could see their guns slide forward, smoke belching from their mouths, and then settle back, while a moment later the boom-m of the explosion would come dully to my ears. Then the shell would burst over, or near, the trenches below me and I would turn my eyes away from the welter of maimed and bloody forms below.

Once I saw a group of men, perhaps eight of them, mashed to a gory pulp by three shells which fell close together in the Serbian line, and a man close by who had apparently been untouched, but suffered a temporary derangement due possibly to tortured nerves, sprang out of the trench and, shaking his fists in the direction of the enemy, rushed blindly forward toward the river, into which he plunged and was lost to view.

Still dazed and gasping, I heard Colonel Milovanovitch ask, "Would you like to give the signal for our guns to recommence firing?" and, shaking with emotion, I nodded assent.

So, in the name of American Womanhood, I gave the signal which sent shells roaring over the valley to fall in the Bulgarian trenches. And the men behind me shouted "Givela Amerika!"

I was shaking from head to foot with excitement and the lust of battle. Major Todorovitch spoke,—

"Calm yourself, Madame; they have not just got our range up here yet. When it grows *too* dangerous we will take you away."

"Do you think I am afraid?" I cried. "I never *lived* before!"

* * * * *

CHAPTER XX

How I Became a Soldier

They may not have had our range on that hill —that is, the snipers did not; but it doesn't take heavy artillery long to get the range of the top of a hill in No Man's Land. The shells were constantly coming closer—those shells which I had just seen blow to pieces dozens of our brave allies. Yet, I can truthfully say, I was not afraid.

It has been said that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Perhaps this was my case, but it was all too thrilling—a wonderful experience—and I could not tear myself away.

The Commander-in-Chief stepped up to me while the battle was at its height.

"Haven't you had enough of it yet?" he asked.

"No, Excellency," was my reply.

"Well you should have been a soldier," he said.

"Make me one," I promptly responded. The Colonel of the First Cavalry Regiment instantly put in his word.

"I want her to be made a member of my regiment," said he. And so, with the shells screaming over our heads at the most exciting moment of my life on that famous battlefield of Bröd, in October, 1916, I was made a member of the First Cavalry Regiment of the Royal Serbian Army.

I was no longer a woman helper. I was now a soldier, and, as I write this,—the only American woman soldier in this great war.

After my return to America, a large parcel containing the peculiar cloth of the uniform of the Serbian officer arrived, with the beautiful enamel "Cocarde" which is worn on the cap of every Serbian officer. No honor which Serbia could bestow upon me could make me so proud as the right to wear this uniform, which has been rendered glorious by those heroic men who so long and so bravely have fought, and continue to fight, against such fearful odds and whose gentleness and patience under suffering have won the

From a photograph taken during the battle of Bröd

Commander-in-Chief Voivode Michitch, Com. of Morava Div. Col. Milosavcitch, Chief of Medical Service
Col. Dr. Sondermayer and the author

Czerna Bend, from H. Q. O. P.

affection and admiration of every person who has worked among them.

I was allowed to remain in my rocky nook until night began to fall and then was told to return to the dressing station and wait.

"For what?" I asked, and the Commander said that he believed that I had brought them luck and they would try to cross the Czerna that night.

"You will let me know when you make the advance," I begged.

There was a certain grim humor in my companion's eye as he said, "You'll hear us." And then I had to go. Down the mountain and over the plains, passing stretchers on which lay shattered bodies and from which, often, bright blood trickled down into the dust. An unlucky stumble by a stretcher-bearer would cause a quickly stifled moan from pale lips, and occasionally a brown hand would be lifted to a bandaged head in salute as we passed.

Arriving again at Old Vrbéni, the hospital staff greeted us cordially and gave a cheer when they were told where I had been.

"We hoped that you would be with us at luncheon and arranged to give you a real American dish but as you did not come we will have it prepared for your dinner," said the Chief Surgeon.

Now these brave men were living on the coarsest and scantiest of food and the country was denuded of everything, practically, so I wondered what they could have found for me. After a sketchy wash-up we sat down, with me at the head of the table were the higher officers, within the mess tent, and the younger ones at the other end, which extended outside. The lights were dim, flaring oil lamps and the tables were rough boards on trestles. There was a heavy hand-woven linen cloth at our end and clean paper spread over the places of the lesser officers at the other. We had two Frenchmen with us, one a great doctor and the other a young officer, just convalescent, who sat silent and brooding all through dinner.

Such a dinner! In our ears sounded the crash and roar of battle, and the moans of dying men. Sometimes a man in the hospital tent be-

hind us would break into awful, hopeless sobbing and this would be checked by the choking cough, or horrid rattle, which told its own story of a soul passing into Eternity. Around our dimly lit table were surgeons, kindly-eyed doctors, bronzed officers with gleaming orders on their breasts; and I felt my high privilege to be sitting there with men who had given all, dared all, and were prepared to suffer all for their country and her honor.

The "American dish" was served with much ceremony—a beautifully prepared platter of ham and eggs! Can you imagine how I felt?—to sit there and eat this savory food when the gallant gentlemen who entertained me for weeks past had tasted nothing better than coarse bread and stringy goat's-flesh! My throat rebelled at every delicious morsel, but to refuse would have been not only to give pain but to offer a deadly insult to these proud men who hold nothing to be too good for their guests and no sacrifice too great for any who befriend them.

After dinner the younger men played on guitars

and sang haunting melodies and stirring war-songs. A peasant soldier who was brought in read three poems of his own composition. At ease, and without a trace of embarrassment, he took the seat placed for him near the least smoky lamp and in a clear, musical voice, he recited a wonderful epic poem, which told how the Crown Prince Alexander, when stricken by illness on the awful march through the snow-filled passes of the Albanian mountains, refused to leave his men in order to gain comfort and safety more quickly.

"No," he replied to their entreaties, "I belong to you and my place is here."

The pride of the King in his noble son and the love of the suffering people for them both were eulogized. Next he read a stirring battle song and finished with an exquisite Song of Home, telling of the love of the soldier for his little white-walled dwelling with its fields of grain, its fruit trees, flocks and flowers; the courage of the chaste, deep-bosomed women and the laughing, fiery-spirited children. When he had finished each officer shook his hand and then he turned to me,

with a true poet's look in his blue eyes, and said, "I kiss the lady's hand for our kind sister America." He raised my hand to his lips and, saluting, went out to join the reserves who were on their way to the trenches.

Just as the singers began another plaintive melody, there came a sudden lull in the sound of the fighting. Then, sounding surprisingly near in the keen autumn night air, came an outburst of cheering when with a renewed thunder of the big guns doubling their fury, the cracking of machine guns and the occasional bursting crash of bombs, the Serbian heroes left their trenches, dashed across the stretch of open plain and crossed the Czerna River for the first time in their advance to Monastir. They drove the Bulgarians out, captured or killed hundreds and occupied the village of Bröd;—while we, back there in the ruined village of Old Vrbéni, cheered and sang and prayed for those who fought and won and those who suffered and died in the moonlight on the soil of their loved Serbia.

As the stretchers came in with their piteous

burdens they were greeted with triumphant songs of victory, and even men whose life blood was staining the shriveled grass at our feet, found strength to mutter "Givela Serbia" before their eyes closed forever. My own soul was filled with an amazing sense of glory and my own country seemed more dear than ever before,—seeing what men could do for their native land,—and I sang "America" in a broken and sadly unmusical voice, but with all my heart in the words, while all those *blessed, blessed* men took up the air and at the end shouted again and again, "Givela, Givela, Amerika." Whatever the years may bring to us, never again can I feel that Life has cheated me, for in these moments I *lived* and the memory will be mine forever.

At last the doctor insisted that I must get some rest, so I was put into a tiny tent in which a great bunch of belated marigolds had been placed, but there was not room for the flowers and me, and so they had to be put under the bed until I was in it, when I brought them out and propped them again against the canvas wall. When at

last sleep came, it was only in fitful snatches, for the sound of the fighting, mingled with the low murmurs of the wounded men in their wards near me, kept my mind full of the excitement and exultation which had marked the day.

For the next five weeks there was continual fighting and gradually the Allied troops pushed the enemy back with fearful losses on both sides. Finally Monastir was recaptured and our troops entered the city amid the happy tears and rejoicing of the people. But the story of that advance, with its wake of blood, is not a pleasant thing to describe. It was war in all its horror, all its brutality, all its glory. Serbia's troops are only a little beyond Monastir today. The battle-lines are still drawn there. There is a dead-lock on the Eastern Front.

Perhaps the Teutons will make another attempt to push us out of Serbia. They will not succeed. The Allied Armies must hold that Eastern gate against all odds.

I might have gone back this Spring, but General Rashitch, when he was here with the Serbian Mis-

sion in January, said to me, "My Sergeant, your duty to Serbia is here, pleading her Cause. You can do so much good here that I assign you to this work until further orders."

* * * * *

CHAPTER XXI

The Return

When I started back again to America from the battle front to help the Serbian cause it was with mixed feelings since every atom of my being was crying out to remain with the Serbian troops. I met Colonel Sondermayer again at the little town of Old Vrbéni, whence I had previously started for the scene of battle.

We planned to get under way on our return to Salonika at dawn. After my night's sleep in the hospital tent, as the first glimmer of day-break appeared, I was ready.

And here arose a difficulty. The orderly who the night before had laced the flaps of the tent—first the inner and then the outer one—had done it so securely that I was unable to get at the knots which were, of course, on the outside and there was nothing in the tent with which I could cut the

cords. Outside Colonel Sondermayer stamped up and down, growling about women being always late, and there was I, ready even to my gloves, trying to make him hear so that he might let me out! He was making so much noise himself that it was some time before my despairing cries could be heard, but at last he did hear and I was soon free.

We had a hasty cup of coffee and a slice of toasted bread and started back to Ostrovo. Along the road we met troops marching up to their bases, but were so fortunate as not to get caught in another column. There were little groups of ragged refugees straggling up the road and on one rocky stretch of break-neck descent we passed a recklessly bounding car from which the long arm of Prince George waved us enthusiastic greeting. The car flashed past us with such speed that all we could hear of his vociferous shouts was, "A la bonheur," and he was gone. An American nurse in Salonika told me that the nickname of His Highness' chauffeur was "The Lightning Conductor," because of his invariably

speedy progress. Remembering his uproarious passing, I suggested that his *car* might be called "The Stormy Petrol."

Again the beautiful Lake of Ostrovo and the ruined stone village where we had dined—how long ago was it? Counting by *days* only two; counting by emotions, experiences, feelings, at least a year! We drew up at the gap in the hills before the Scottish Women's Hospital and soon were talking "fourteen to the dozen" to Dr. Bennett, who left her work to greet us. Our time was so short and we had so much to discuss that it was only after I was again in the car and Joko had cranked up that I remembered the most personal thing of all and shouted above the din of the car, "I was the very first woman of any nationality to enter re-conquered Serbian territory." She waved a friendly hand and called "Bravo" as we turned into the road and began our journey to Salonika.

Through the long, lovely valleys again, luncheon of bread and goat's-cheese on a rock by the smooth flowing river which furnished our only

drink, then around the foot of the hill on which stood Vodena of uneasy memories. Again, we pulled up before the low stone huts and dun-colored tents of the Serbian Escadrille. Tadoya, Colonel Sondermayer's son, came to escort us to the mess tent.

Oh, the heat under that canvas top, "camouflaged" though it was with green boughs! And the young enthusiasm of the youthful aviators for their perilous work! They laughed and sang and joked and called me "Mon colleague" until, middle-aged as I am, I began to feel that perhaps the thin red wine which we were drinking might actually be "the Elixir of Life"; and when I found myself singing "Tit Willow" for them, I just knew it! After this cheerful interlude we started again toward Salonika and at sunset our Ford rolled along the quay beside a Russian regiment which had just disembarked.

Mr. Venizelos had arrived, amid great rejoicing, and was comfortably installed in a fine villa about two miles from the center of the town, where he was, I suppose, the very busiest man in Salonika.

With him had come Captain George Melas, an old friend of mine with whom Miss Simmonds and I dined that evening. A formal dinner was being given to Mr. Venizelos in the "Concert Room" of the White Tower restaurant and the lobbies were full of Cretan guards, in their funny trousers and "pill-box" caps; eagle-eyed detectives and friends of the great man were in attendance too.

After dinner Captain Melas asked if I would like to see Mr. Venizelos, and I eagerly assented. So, with all the frock-coated and uniformed guards bowing and saluting at sight of our escort, we passed into the room behind a line of palms and up a tiny staircase to the boxes. But, alas, the only unlocked door was that of the box directly over the places of honor and we could only see most of the, to us, uninteresting three or four hundred other men. Some of them jauntily raised their glasses when they saw us appear, but this failed to amuse us and we descended to our little alley behind the palms on our way out. Just as we got half-way to the door, a gentleman with glasses and a short white beard turned from the

table and looked directly at me. In an instant I recognized Mr. Venizelos, but then, a trifle panic-stricken at being caught staring, I scuttled out.

At eight o'clock the next morning Captain Melas came and told me that Mr. Venizelos would be pleased to see me at nine. In a flurry of anxiety as to whether he would give the order of "Off with her head," I set out with Miss Simmonds. It was a lovely autumn morning and the white villa, set in its garden of palms and late flowers, looked very beautiful but hardly peaceful, as the Cretan guards, armed to the teeth, stood at the gate and among the trees while detectives prowled in the streets and around all the corners. We went up the broad marble steps and in the hall found groups of earnest and solemn personages waiting their turn with the distinguished man. Everybody made way respectfully for Captain Melas and we were received by General d'Anglis and the Greek naval hero, Admiral Conduriotos.

After a few minutes the people who were with Mr. Venizelos came out and we were at once

Eleutherios Venizelos, Greek Premier

Vodena

shown into the room. This room was open to observation from the hall, one side being completely glazed, so fearful were his friends that he might be attacked and injured. He greeted us most cordially.

"Madame, I find Ingleesh veery deeficult—if you permit me French?" was his apology at meeting. Then for over an hour this, the busiest man in Greece at that time, talked with me of his plans and aspirations! He spoke of the King and said he hoped Constantine would see his way to come out openly on the side of the Allies "even now," and that in any case his own duty was clear. He gave messages for the Greeks in America, saying that it was their duty to return and fight with their Balkan Ally.

"We Greeks and the Serbians are natural friends and we must stand together," he said. "Tell them that they must help now for the honor of Greece and for her safety." In America I have given this message repeatedly in my lectures but have had no means of knowing if these noble words have borne fruit.

Mr. Venizelos is a man of middle height, neither stout nor thin. His fine forehead is surmounted by nearly snow-white hair and a well-kept mustache and short beard shade his always smiling mouth and firm chin, but it is the clear blue eyes with their direct and honest gaze which hold one's attention from the first moment one meets him. One feels that here is a man, clean, sincere and strong. Before we parted he smilingly said, with a twinkle in his eye, "But, Madame, I am sure that I have seen you before."

"Yes, Excellency," was my reply. "Miss Simmonds and I were the only ladies present at your banquet last night and when you turned your head I lost mine." He seemed greatly amused. Then he signed two photographs which he gave to Miss Simmonds and myself and, despite the evident agitation of his friends and body-guards, came out to the top of the steps with us to say good-by. It was dangerous, too, for any miscreant waiting an opportunity could have shot him from the street as he stood there calmly talking.

"How warm the beautiful sunshine is today," he remarked.

"Excellency," I answered, "may you stand always in the sunshine."

"Ah, Madame," he said, "who can tell. But, sun or shadow, I know my way."

We went away feeling that we had seen history in the making—as indeed we had, and I do believe that while the affairs of Greece are in the hands of this splendid patriot, she will go far toward regaining some measure of her old glory.

The next day my ship was due to sail, so I went to the Provost Marshal to get permission to leave as this would save the endless round of the Allied Consulates, which is usually required. The Provost Marshal proved to be an old acquaintance whom I had not seen for many years, so we had a good talk. When I rose to go, he said, "Do you know we all know you here as the 'Woman Who Asks No Question and Attends to Her Own Business.'" I laughed, gathered up my documents and went away feeling that my extreme self-restraint had not been in vain!

A visit to Mrs. Kehl that afternoon, a farewell dinner at the White Tower and, later in the evening, Colonel Joannu, famous Greek soldier and Venizelist supporter, came in and, when several Serbian officers joined us, we had an international "conversazione" in which the affairs of many nations were discussed and settled to our own complete satisfaction.

On the day set for my departure, the French officers and doctors at "Aviation" again invited me to lunch and Colonel Sondermayer arranged to call for me just in time for the boat. When he came he was so flurried that I was sure I had missed it, but when we turned off the main road into the Grande Quartier Serbe I said, "Well, if we ramble all over town *of course* we will be late." The Colonel just sputtered and exclaimed fiercely, "Don't you know that Prince Alexander has been waiting hours to see you?" It was the first I had heard of it, but naturally I was pleased with the prospect of seeing the Prince before leaving.

We arrived at the "Palace," a great rambling

villa in a garden with a tall fence and with picturesque Serbian guards at the gates and along the paths. An immaculate officer greeted us at the door and at the top of the marble staircase a frock-coated major-domo, bowing, met us. In a small irregularly shaped room, paneled in brocade and filled with French furniture, we waited and in a few moments Prince Alexander came to us. He is of medium height, well-built and erect, with a warm olive complexion and handsome dark eyes behind powerful glasses, a direct earnest gaze and a resolute manner. He seems older than his actual years and will, we all believe, be a splendid King when the time comes for him to take his place upon the throne of that Greater Serbia which the future will bring to stand as a strong sentinel in Eastern Europe.

For an hour we talked of Serbia and what America has tried to do for her and of what the Serbian Relief Committees are trying to do. The Prince expressed his deep appreciation and said he had hoped the seeds and farming implements might be sent into the country the moment

the war is over so that the people may plant and reap a good harvest.

"And," he added, "when the people have gathered their first crops they will ask aid of no one." But *we*, who have seen, know how much there must be done in sanitary and other matters—though the people will not ask.

"You wear two of our decorations, I see. I want you to wear a third in token of our gratitude for all your devotion to our cause," said the Prince, leaning toward me. He held toward me the little blue and gold box which contains the coveted Order of St. Sava! I was surprised and could only stammer, "Does Your Highness think I merit it?"

Then Prince Alexander pinned the Order on my coat saying, "I know no better friend of Serbia than Ruth Farnam." After a few moments, he said, "You will return soon to help us in Monastir, will you not, Madame?" I explained that my services would probably be much more valuable in raising funds in America

which would enable the trained workers to do their work out there.

"But, I will come back to go with the Army into Belgrade!" I promised, and the Prince replied that he should hold that as a promise. We shook hands, and I fled for the steamer.

The steamer was waiting for me and there was a brilliant gathering of officers and officials on board. Some were former office holders, under King Constantine, now displaced by the Provisional Government of Mr. Venizelos; and several were people who had come to see me off. There was a great deal of congratulation over my new Order and many messages given for friends in Athens and Paris, London and New York, all of which I tried to store into a head which was fairly whirling with excitement.

Soon the whistle blew and our friends left us, remaining on the water in the little boats until our ship was well away from the anchorage, and even then their shouts came faintly over the water as we moved out past the war vessels; past the great white hospital ships and toward the barrier

of nets and mines guarding the mouth of the harbor. Many of our passengers were happily on their way to France or England on leave, but *I* regretted every mile which took me away from the white city and the wonderful men and women who were striving there to win freedom and to soothe the wounds of a tortured world.

If in these pages I have said little of the splendid women-nurses, doctors and surgeons who were devotedly working in Salonika and nearer the Front, it is not because I did not see them and their superb accomplishment but because no words of mine could do justice to them all.

There was our famous Dr. Rosalie Slaughter Morton, who chose to spend her hard earned holiday out there helping to restore Serbian heroes to life and hope. She made many an American heart beat faster with pride in American womanhood. Another hard working person was the Princess Demidov. There were Madame de Reinach-Foussemagne, Dr. Honoria Keer, surgeon in the Scottish Women's Hospital, great little Dr. Alice Hutchinson, Mrs. Harley, the sister of

General French, and who recently was killed by an exploding shell in Monastir; Dr. Bennett, and a hundred more, every one of whose names will be written in letters of gold in the memories of men for their heroic service and splendid devotion.

But of all these, we Americans must remember with pride the name of Emily Louisa Simmonds, an American Red Cross nurse, of British birth. She was one of the most devoted of the noble and gallant band who suffered and toiled untiringly and ungrudgingly for Serbia.

Arriving again at Athens, I found the city in a turmoil, with Allied troops—but mostly French marines—marching continually in the streets. There would be a sharp bugle-call and from every direction little Greek soldiers would run across the park before the hotel and line up under the trees. Officers with their clanking swords banging on their horses' sides would gallop back and forth and one lived in momentary expectation of an international explosion. Many of the officers with whom I had talked during my last visit had gone to Salonika, and every boat clearing from

Piraeus took dozens of recruits. I remembered Mr. Venizelos' words to me, "We are the natural friends of Serbia. Her sorrows concern us and we must take our stand beside her now and always."

There were still Greeks who were loyal to the Janus-faced King, but even they were complaining of conditions in the country. Princess Andrew sent for me and I went to the Palace. Before her marriage she was beautiful Princess Alice of Battenberg and her spouse was the brother of the King.

She certainly was not pro-German but was entirely pro-Greek, and since her sympathies were all with Constantine, one can only conclude that she did not in the least understand the true state of affairs. She was anxious to get me to work in America for the Queen's Refugee and Hospital funds. This I readily promised to do, if it would not clash with my work for Serbia, but was told later that these affairs were run in a rather haphazard way, Her Majesty not being quite as efficient as her German training would indicate.

On my return to America I spoke to several people about giving such time as I could to this work but met with little response.

My calls upon the Legations, American, French, English and Serbian, took up some time, but on the second day I left for Marseilles and, arriving in Paris early one morning, left the same day for Boulogne and London. The journey was long and extremely tedious, but as there was a convalescent French officer in our crowded compartment who grew paler and paler and at last asked permission to lie on the floor (among our feet!), no one felt like complaining over his own little troubles. Two men and myself then stood in the corridor, in spite of the Frenchman's protestations, so he had room to rest in comparative comfort. At the "town" station an Englishman met him, helped him carefully into a cab and they drove quickly off into the darkness.

The Channel boat was packed with travelers and we made the trip in utter darkness, as submarines were prowling about. Occasionally we would see a white gleam in the distance which must

have been, we all believed, the "wash" of our guardian, an English destroyer, but the night passed without any untoward happening and just as the sun rose we landed on English shores.

A few days later I set sail for America to continue my work on the lecture platform and otherwise to help the Allied cause.

THE END

APPEAL OF THE SERBIAN WOMEN TO ALL SOCIETIES OF WOMEN

SERVIA
BELGRADE
Danube
Save R.
Iron Gates
ROUMANIA
BUKHAREST
Ploesti
Krajova
Rustchuk
Danube
Silistria
Turtukai
Hirsova
Saffekoi
Tchernavoda
Medjidie
Kustendje
Constanza
Mangalia
Varna
Petrikol
Shumla
Eski Stambul
Slivno
Karnabad
Aidos
Akhioli
Burghas
Sizeboli
Yasliko
Agathopoli
Grammatiko
Dedeagatch
Porto Lagos
Gumurjina
Xanthi
Gulpinar
Rodosto
Muraclu
Ainadjyk
Malgara
Ganos
Keshan
Yorudjuk
Sharkoi
Enos
Magharis
Dedeagatch
Mustafa Pasha
Adrianople
Maritza R.
Tchirpan
Philippopolis
Tatar Bazardjik
Karlovo
Adjar
Tchokurli
Yeni Sagra
Eski Sagra
Yambolu
Kazanlyk
Shipka
Tirnova
Ostmanbazar
Drenova
Bebrova
Elena
Gabrova
Troyan
Selvi
Sofia
Slivnitza
Orkhanie
Kremikovtza
Tatistza
Kopriwhtitza
Panyurishte
Tchukurli
Ichtiman
Samakov
Banya
Dubnitza
Rilo D.
Radomir
Vitosha Mt.
Zarkovo
Bresnik
Bukovoglava
Vradja
Tirnovatza
Yeleshnitza
Kostendil
Palanka
Karitzovo
Kalkandelen
Katchanik
Liuma R.
Skutari
Prisend
Prizrend
Drin R.
White Drin
Black Drin
Varoshi
Djakovitza
Verisovitz
Gilan
Stakutzis
Pristina
Ipek
Vutchitrn
Berani
Roshka
Ranieska
Mitrovitza
Deskovatz
Novibazar
Sienitza
Prokopolie
Kurshumlie
Bielopolie
Prieppelie
Ruska
Bruso
Alexinatz
Supovac
Nishevtz
Vish
Pirot
Barkovitza
Vranja
Yablanitza
Zaribrod
Etropol
Lukovitza
Lovatz
Sopot
Pleven
Plevna
Mahala
Vidin
Baileshtle
Kalafat
Byrza
Archer
Kuja
Belogradtik
Lom
Palanka
Rahovo
Vadeni
Gigen
Nicopoli
Sistova
Novigrad
Bulgareni
Senovza
Mecka
Rasgrad
Kazelevo
Vetova
Eski Djuma
Jenibazar
Kemalar
Senidze
Mahmudli
Ak Hadinlar
Kilikade
Kayalydereh
Yenibazar
Kosludja
Tchumurly
Yusufdjik
Bazardjik
Baltchik
Karlikoi
Kustendje
Tekir Gol
Tchataldja
Pera
Constantinople
Sea of Marmora
Black Sea
Turkey
Albania
Montenegro
Durazzo
Skodra
Lake Skodra
Ohrida
Lake Ohrida
Monastir
Pogradetz
Starova
Dreinovo
Berat
Kositza
Elbassan
Ninguetz
Tomorritza
Yoder
Vardar
Topana
Blutza
Sokhios
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Beshik
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Kelkitch
Avret Hissar
Kapinyani
Petritch
Strumitza
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Padovitch
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Lake Doiran
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Birlic
Gradetz
Krushovo
Prilip
Divra
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Paschaktsy
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Mt. Perim
Mt. Pangaeus
Mt. Kortiach
Mt. Despoto Dagh
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Gumurjina
Dedeagatch
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Mt. Kortiach
Mt. Despoto Dagh

Appeal of the Serbian Women to all Societies of Women

As representatives of the National League of Serbian Women, we some time ago addressed to all Societies of women in the Allied and neutral countries an appeal begging them to raise their voice against the attacks on the honor of Serbian women and young girls.

We consider it our most sacred duty, as patriots as well as women, to draw once more the attention of all feminist societies to the frightful proceedings to which the Serbian women and young girls who have remained in Serbia are exposed. We base our appeal on the formal declarations of the Serbian Government, and also on extracts from articles which have appeared in the press on this subject, and we appeal to your sentiments in the hope that you will not remain

indifferent to these shameful proceedings against the Serbian women and girls, in which Germans, Austro-Hungarians, Bulgarians and Turks are taking part.

We denounce not only the facts which prove the systematic extermination of the Serbian male population, but also the dishonoring and disgraceful acts to which the enemy occupants of Serbia have had recourse in delivering up young Serbian girls to the Turks to be shut up in the harems of Constantinople.

Here is authentic testimony on the subject:

M. Pachitch, the Serbian Prime Minister, declared in London that the Austro-Germans and Turks have deported eight thousand young Serbian girls, aged from 10 to 14 years, and have shut them up in the harems of Constantinople.—*La Suisse*, August 6th, 1917.

* * * * * *

Young girls of Serbia, this time the victims are not far-off Armenians, or Greek women of Asia, already accustomed to oriental seclusion, brought up under the whip of the Turk, trembling slaves

from their infancy. These little girls of Belgrad, I saw them in their families before the war. They were Europeans, dressed like you, refined like you, who read books from Paris, and were preparing themselves perhaps to finish their education in a boarding-school in France or in England.

But the "brave German Army" came, charged with "kultur" and chanting the pious hymn of Luther. It killed or drove out the men of Serbia and set itself to administer a country where there were left only women.

There, for a true German hero was the occasion to show his chivalry! War is war, "Krieg ist Krieg," but women and young girls are not so very dangerous! That is what the noble defender of the German fatherland thought. He collected eight thousand of them, the prettiest, and patting them paternally on the cheek, with a big laugh, he sold them to the Turk to be put in a cage and to serve for the relaxation of the Pashas of the Committee of "Union and Progress," who will hand them on no doubt later on to some Kurdish

soldier of the Guards. That is the gift of Wilhelm II to his friends at Constantinople. "Gott mit uns!" God is with the honest German people, chosen by Him to bring about the reign of morality on earth.

Do you feel, before this crime, the irony of our formula of peace? Reparations? There are outrages that one cannot repair. Guarantees? Wilhelm is playing safe: he knows very well that, if we enter Germany, we shall not take eight thousand little German girls of ten to fourteen years old and distribute them among our Senegalese. —Maurice de Waleffe in *Le Journal.*

It is reported from Belgrad that the Austrian military authorities, on instructions from Germany, have proceeded to a general rape of women and young girls from ten to fourteen years of age, without distinction of situation or of family responsibility. Trains crowded with these unfortunates, whose protests and supplications are stifled by blows, have been passing without interruption for four days, going no one knows whither.

Atrocious scenes have taken place in the towns and villages when the soldiers came to drag away young girls from their families and mothers from their children. Women have gone mad, young girls have killed themselves to escape the fate which awaited them.—*Le Temps*, July 15th, 1917.

* * * * * *

Le Temps of August 8th published a letter from one of those unhappy Serbian men who were obliged by the exactions and the tortures inflicted by the Bulgarian authorities in occupied Serbia, to take up arms and attempt to deliver their country and to seek in death an end to their sufferings. The letter reads as follows:

May, 1917.

Here I am in the mountains, my wretched habitation at this time. I escaped on April 25th from the Bulgarian dungeons, where I was incarcerated with twenty comrades, after having been captured in the revolt near ———. There were 25,000 of us insurgents; we fought first against a German division, which we defeated and put to flight; then we were attacked by two Bulgarian divisions,

with many cannon and machine guns. I was taken, put in prison and condemned to be hanged; but at night my friend ——— made his way in with a band into Prokouplie, killed the sentinels and released me. I was thus able to escape to the mountains.

The Bulgarians have called up all the male population from sixteen to sixty-five years, to incorporate them in the Army and send them immediately to the front. At the same time they collected all the young people of thirteen to sixteen years and sent them to Constantinople. It was this vandal act on the part of these monstrous Mongols which provoked the revolt. The unhappy mothers, exasperated by the cries of their children carried off by force, attacked the Bulgarians with stones. It was a regular revolt, to which the Bulgarians responded by gibbets on which they hanged women and children.

Here I am now in the mountains of ———. It may be that by the time you read these lines I shall be no longer among the living, but the insurrection cannot be stifled so easily, for the

Bulgarians are proceeding to the systematic extermination of our nation. On the 25th April they embarked on the trains at Belotintze 8000 children of twelve to fifteen years; destination: Constantinople. Many of the children jumped from the cars while the trains were moving, and thus found death. The Bulgarians called up the whole population to be vaccinated. But, instead of serum against cholera or smallpox, they inoculated them with contagious diseases. One of the doctors made this known to the people, who fled to the mountains with the children.—

From *La Serbie*, August 19th, 1917.

Yours very truly,

(signed) Milka Sret. Vouloviteh

First Vice-President of the National League of Serbian Women.

Lioub. Pjevitch

Hélène Losanitch

Secretaries.

Dr Lyoubitch

Member of the Central Committee.